THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

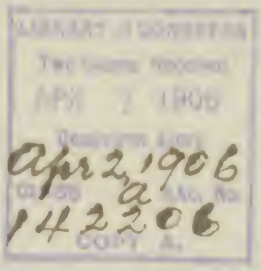
The Man of Sorrows

Being a Little Journey to the Home of JESUS OF NAZARETH, written by *Elbert Hubbard*

Done into a Printed Book by The Roycrofters at their Shop in East Aurora, N. Y. Nineteen Hundred and Six

Copy 2.

BT301
.H88
1906



Copyright 1904-1905
by
ELBERT HUBBARD

THE MAN OF SORROWS

What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.

And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses. MARK xi 24-25

TO HIM THAT WAS CRUCIFIED

My spirit to yours, dear brother,
Do not mind because many sounding your name do not understand you,
I do not sound your name, but I understand you,
I specify you with joy O my comrade to salute you, and to salute those who are with you, before and since, and those to come also,
That we all labor together transmitting the same charge and succession,
We few equals indifferent of lands, indifferent of times,
We, enclosers of all continents, all castes, allowers of all theologies,
Compassionaters, perceivers, rapport of men,
We walk silent among disputes and assertions, but reject not the disputers nor any thing that is asserted,
We hear the bawling and din, we are reach'd at by divisions, jealousies, recriminations on every side,
They close peremptorily upon us to surround us, my comrade,
Yet we walk unheld, free, the whole earth over, journeying up and down till we make our ineffaceable mark upon time and the diverse eras,
Till we saturate time and eras, that the men and women of races, ages to come, may prove brethren and lovers as we are.

WALT WHITMAN

Foreword

THIS simple sketch seeks to be history ☙ And history is a branch of the science of Sociology. Of miracle Sociology knows naught, any more than does modern jurisprudence—the miraculous would not now be admitted as evidence in any court in Christendom. The test of innocence is no longer to walk on red-hot iron, and the admissions of a witch or one possessed by devils are referred to the trained nurse or pathologist.

We seek the truth, and in so doing we believe we best honor ourselves and our Maker.

History has nothing to do with miracle, any more than has geology, astronomy or chemistry, and from these the supernatural has been forever barred and banished. No miracle has ever been proved—they all come to us at second-hand, by people who saw people who said they saw people who saw them. By no modern rules of evidence can miracles be even considered where truth and justice are sought. The miraculous strikes at the integrity of Nature. To admit that a Supreme Being might interfere with chemical law, would render science vain and learning a delusion and folly.

Biology and history know nothing of "the fall of man." So far as we know, the race has risen constantly in general well-being and intelligence. Man has fallen upward.

When Napoleon ironically asked, "What is history but a lie agreed upon?" he had in mind that peculiar form of history which believed "there is a divinity which doth hedge a king," and which has always been written with the intent to uphold some man or institution. And for this defense was the writer of such history paid. The men who yet uphold the miraculous are those who gain a

livelihood by so doing. Charles Bradlaugh forever forced the admission upon the courts of the civilized world that the affirmation of a man who does not believe in the miraculous is just as valuable as the oath of the man who does ✠ ✠

The recompense of the historian is the approval of his Inmost Self that he has endeavored to express the truth. ¶ The reward for a good deed is to have done it.

Yet absolute historical truth is, perhaps, impossible. Truth is a point of view. And so truth cannot be final nor absolute nor binding upon all. The author of this sketch claims nothing beyond the fact that for himself he has, in degree, expressed the truth.

The task of the scientist is to construct the skeleton of a mastodon from the fragment of a bone: and the task of the historian is to take the scattered fragments of record, legend, song, myth and fable, and give us an accurate, vivid picture of a passing procession. The historian is one who resurrects the past and makes those long dead live again.

The history of a country is only the biography of her great men, and the history of Palestine—and we might say of the entire Christian world—forever swings, like planets 'round a central sun, about the memory of the Man of Sorrows.

References such as that of a miraculous star that appeared in the East and guided certain wise men to the stable where the young child lay, need not now be considered seriously. The star was conjured forth by an astrologer and not by an astronomer. Since Copernicus put the astrologers out of the society of astronomers, stories of

vagrant stars, seen by a few, or "sent as a sign," have no place in science. When men believed that stars were God's jewels, hung in the heavens by angels to amaze men and magnify God's power in their sight, such stories were not unusual. Even yet they surely have a place in that great museum of strange and curious things in which men, in civilization's dawn, have implicitly believed. Belief or disbelief in dryads, naiads, witches, ghosts, devils, angels, gnomes, fairies, men with one parent, and women with none, will not fix for us our place in eternity, and should not in society here and now.

Vagrant stars would do violence to astronomy; the laws of the Universe, unfailing, unchanging, are the true miracle, and not their capricious undoing to suit trivial circumstances. The theology of the past, which admitted the miraculous, limited God's power in that it made Him subject to anger, whim, mood, notion and caprice.

He changeth not, and in Him there is no variableness nor shadow of turning.

The Man of Sorrows

HE town of Nazareth where Jesus grew up to manhood has now about four thousand people. At that time it had, probably, but half this number. It is situated in a beautiful fertile valley in Galilee in the northern part of Palestine ✍ There are great towering mountains above and beyond, green at the base, and growing rocky and rugged as you ascend ✍ In this vicinity was the home of the Shulamite maiden, of whom Solomon sung. Solomon gives us glimpses of this beautiful valley—the pomegranates and the figs, the maize and the melons, the swaying corn-flowers, the many-hued morning-glories that clambered over the simple cottages, the shepherds and their flocks, the kine on the hills and the goats that leaped from rock to rock ✍ ✍

Much of the country has now grown arid, and as the years have passed, Islam has left it desolate. The giant cedars of Lebanon, that once towered toward the sun and tossed their

branches in defiance to the storm, are gone, but even yet the gardens in the springtime are fresh and green, and the foothills above the town and the valleys below laugh in glee with their carpet of flowers.

On the west is Mount Carmel, that lifts a jagged front against the sky, like a great stone face; and in the early morning when the wind blows in with messages from the sea, great white clouds of mist reel and roll up the mountain side like drunken giants. Down the valley one catches glimpses of Endor where once lived a terrible witch; beyond is Mount Tabor; to the north is Mount Hermon, rich in story and legend. To the south lies the desert of Judea, desolate and wind-swept, and the rocky road that winds in and out among the barren sands, loses itself like a thread, on to Jerusalem, two days' journey, or sixty miles away.

Above the town on the little plateau sleeps Mary the mother of Jesus; in a near-by tomb rests the dust of Joseph the honest carpenter, his foster-father, side by side with thousands of simple Nazarenes who to us are nameless.

¶ The square little stone houses, mostly of one room, are there about as they were two thousand years ago—the same narrow streets,

the winding alleys where the brown, barefoot children frolic, just as when the little son of Mary played and romped, or wandered over the grassy slopes, climbed the rugged rocks, or waded in the little stream that the freshets of summer transformed, to the delight of the children, into a rushing torrent.

In Nazareth there is no court of fashion, no famed schools where scholars teach, no wealth nor flaunting equipage. The synagogue is only a barren stone structure, devoid of ornament, somewhat larger than the largest of the houses.

¶ The poverty of the place, however, is more apparent than real, for this, we must remember, is a land where little is needed. Here there is no struggle to maintain life, nor is there strife for place and power. The winter is short and not severe, and very much of the time the entire family lives out of doors. The women grind their corn at the mills, milk their goats, tend their gardens, look after the climbing trumpet-flowers, and carry their tall jugs to the public well. The men work at weaving, at simple blacksmithing, carpentering; mend the stone walls, and now and then help in the construction of a new house, built just like the rest. There is plenty, for wants are few,

and in the evening, old men sit on the benches of stone and gravely talk.

Around the memories of men of power, who write their names large on history's page, myth and legend weave their garlands in the endeavor to add lustre to the fame that does not need their aid, and "seven towns struggle for the honor of being their birthplace."

The legend that Jesus was born at Bethlehem evolved into being many years after his death. David was born in this Judean village, and the prophecy that when he was reincarnated he would again be born there, was made by the Prophet Micah. The "taxing" mentioned occurred ten years after the death of Herod, and both Matthew and Luke state that the birth of Jesus took place during the reign of Herod. Besides, in going to Jerusalem, Joseph and Mary must pass out of their way to reach Bethlehem—this town being directly south of Jerusalem, while Nazareth is directly north.

¶ In any event, the mere locality of a man's birth is not vital, and counts for little. All agree that the stay at Bethlehem was very short, and that Nazareth was the childhood home of Jesus. During his life, and long afterward, he was spoken of as "the Nazarene."

The Romans never issued any order to kill all children under two years old. Such an order at the time of Christ would have been as absurd as if issued now in Canada. The Romans at the time Christ was born were sticklers for law; and Herod nor any other Roman governor ever gave an order to kill children under any conditions.

The myths and legends of this man's birth are trivial, childish and unimportant.

The real questions that interest us are: Who was this wonderful and unselfish individual? What did he strive to do?

What did he accomplish?

THE parents of Jesus were simple, earnest, and intelligent people—neither rich nor poor, without titles, position or proud pedigree.

Jesus never called himself the "Son of David," and the attempt to make him the pretender to the Jewish Throne, by giving him an unbroken pedigree from David, was evidently worked out by sectarians who did not believe in or had never heard of his miraculous birth.

The line of David had died out centuries before, and most of the men named by Matthew and

Luke as progenitors of Jesus, evidently never had any existence outside of their own lively imaginations. Matthew and Luke do not agree in their records. Mark climbs the genealogical tree to David and there stops, but Luke in his zeal follows the line clear to Adam and then to God, to prove its purity.

If Joseph had been the direct heir to the Jewish Throne he doubtless would have known it and told of it. In his community he would have been a marked man. Neither the high priests of Jewry, Herod, nor the rulers of Rome knew of any lineal descendants of King David, and none such could have escaped them if they had existed. Besides this, the entire Christian faith is built upon the declaration that Joseph was not a blood relative of Jesus.

According to the record, Joseph was a simple, honest, unpretentious man of middle age. Before Joseph and Mary entered upon their married life, Joseph discovered that Mary was ere long to become a mother. It seems also that Joseph was on the point of putting his wife away, but something in his heart aroused his better nature and he stood by the friendless woman in spite of her disgrace. We have the plain and undisputed record that Joseph denied

being the father of Jesus. So we thus have three propositions:

One: The declaration that Jesus had but one parent.

Two: That Matthew and Luke, who gave a royal line to Joseph, believed that Joseph was the father of Jesus.

Three: The claim of Joseph that he was not the father of Jesus, backed up by Mary herself, and the presumption, therefore, that Mary had some unknown lover.

From what we know of biology, and by the exercise of our knowledge as rational beings, we are compelled to discard the hypothesis in Number One.

In the light of the disavowal of both Joseph and Mary, and the uncorroborated claim of royal pedigree, we must also discard Number Two as untenable.

This leaves only Number Three with which to deal. And since Mary herself, the mother of Jesus, corroborates Joseph in the statement that Joseph was not his parent, we are forced to assume that the father of her child was an unknown lover of Mary who deserted her at the critical moment, and thus forever forfeited his claim on immortality.

Of all men who have blundered, no man ever blundered more or worse. Oblivion now has swallowed him, where otherwise he might have worn a crown of glory.

When confronted and questioned, Mary would not name her lover, but took refuge in the naïve statement, "An angel visited me in a dream!"

It is the answer that loving woman has given since time began ☙ No sweeter and more touching reply was ever given by motherhood when attacked by coarse, leering brutality: "An angel visited me in a dream." Beyond this she would not speak. To her the matter was sacred, and the hearts of all good men and women, everywhere, must go out to her in love and sympathy.

No judge, no jury, no lawyer can in the face of the facts, say anything else than this: "We do not know who was the father of Jesus." ¶ However, the word "illegitimate" is not in God's vocabulary; but if its use is ever admissible, it should be applied wholly to the defective, the incompetent, the degenerate, the non-cogibund, and never to the brave, the beautiful, the radiant, the unselfish and the intelligent. ¶ Says Ernst Hæckel:

The dogma of the immaculate conception seems, perhaps, to be less audacious and significant than the dogma of the infallibility of the pope. Yet not only the Roman hierarchy, but even some of the orthodox Protestants (the Evangelical Alliance, for instance) attach great importance to this thesis. What is known as the "immaculate oath"—that is, the confirmation of faith by an oath taken on the immaculate conception of Mary—is still regarded by millions of Christians as a sacred obligation. Comparative and critical theology has recently shown that this myth has no greater claim to originality than most of the other stories in the Christian mythology; it has been borrowed from older religions, especially Buddhism. Similar myths were widely circulated in India, Persia, Asia Minor, and Greece several centuries before the birth of Christ. Whenever a king's unwedded daughter, or some other maid of high degree, gave birth to a child, the father was always pronounced to be a god, or a demi-god; in the Christian case it was the Holy Ghost.

The special endowments of mind or body which often distinguish these "children of love" above the ordinary offspring were thus partly explained by "heredity." Distinguished "sons of God" of this kind were held in high esteem both in antiquity and during the Middle Ages, while the moral code of modern civilization reproaches them with their want of honorable parentage. This applies even more forcibly to "daughters of God," though the poor maidens are just as little to blame for their want of a father. For the rest, every one who is familiar with the beautiful mythology of classical antiquity knows that these sons and daughters of the Greek and Roman gods often approach nearest to the highest ideal of humanity.

JESUS had sisters who grew up and were married at Nazareth. He also had brothers. For them he had little regard—family ties were nothing to him. Like all men over whose birth there is a cloud, he recognized only the kinship of the spirit. So we hear of his asking almost contemptuously, "Who is my brother?" He had two cousins, sons of Mary Cleophas, sister of his mother, who were very much attached to him, and called themselves "the brothers of our Lord." His earnest, thoughtful ways set him apart from the rest and he was regarded as strange and different. They did not understand him—they could not—and evidently had little faith in his unusual, strange and peculiar ways.

THE word Galilee means "mixed." It was evidently so used because of the extremely varied population which inhabited the province. There were Egyptians, Syrians, Greeks and Jews—the latter being somewhat in the majority. Many were reckoned as Jews who had simply married into Jewish families; for a Gentile to become a Jew, no particular rite was required. The assumption is that Jesus

was a Jew by birth, yet of Mary's genealogy we know nothing, and of course, we are also ignorant of the unknown father of Jesus. That Jesus did not have the fixed and idolatrous regard for the Jewish Laws that the orthodox Jew had, we know full well. He quite often disregarded the laws openly and encouraged his disciples to do the same, spurning the old rules, giving them commandments of his own for their guidance.

Joseph treated the boy as his own, kindly and gently, and brought him up to be useful; to wait on himself; to respect his elders and to do good work. He learned the carpenter's trade which then included that of the stone-mason, working side by side with Joseph. Doubtless Jesus was also a pupil at the village school taught by the "hazzan," or schoolmaster, who was really the janitor of the synagogue, which served both as schoolhouse and temple.

The children were taught to read by reciting in concert, repeating over and over again the same thing. This method of teaching was in general operation, even in America, up to within a very few years ago.

This bright, active, and impressionable boy learned by hearing the older ones recite; by

listening to Joseph and the neighbors as they sat and discussed the Law and the Prophets after the day's work was done; from the chance visitors who came along at times; and from the peddlers who carried their curious wares and trinkets for the women-folk.

Nazareth was not a pagan town like Cæsarea, where the Roman politicians lived and Greek learning had taken root. Evidently Jesus knew nothing of Greek culture, but he did know something of Buddhism. Where he got this knowledge we do not know—it is probable that he evolved it, for ideas are in the air, and belong to all who can appropriate them; or some traveler might have let fall the seeds by the wayside.

In towns like Nazareth there was no caste—all one person knew belonged to the rest. The conversation was full and free. And that this boy with his thoughtful ways and his thirst to know, and all of his fine energy, absorbed ideas on every hand there is no doubt. He knew all that the best in the place knew, and all he himself knew besides.

Like all country boys he was familiar with the birds of the air, the lilies of the field, and the foxes that made their holes beneath the rocks.

¶ The lake, exaggeratedly called the Sea of Galilee, twelve miles long and seven wide, was only a few miles away, and there he used to go with his companions to fish; so the process of fishing and the handling of boats was to him familiar. He grew to be very fond of these fisher-folk who lived along the lake. They were strong, hardy, companionable men with the dash of the hero in them.

Jesus was not an educated person in our sense of the word, and this is most fortunate. Learning tames and dilutes a man; he grows to reverence authorities and things that are dead, and so he gradually loses his own God-given heritage of self-reliance. A reformer must of a necessity be more or less ignorant. In fact, the finest nobility is only possible in a man who has never had a teacher—who acknowledges no authority but the God within. As a general proposition, ignorance and isolation are both necessary in the equipment of the supremely great who are to mold the minds of men and break up the firm ankylosis of social habit, fixed thought and ossified custom. Learning hesitates and defers, but ignorance is bold. Originality is not a thing that is fostered by the schools—a statement that requires no proof.

¶ Some of the words of Jesus are paraphrases from Buddha Siddhartha, but these were old maxims, floating free, known in all countries, and repeated from mouth to mouth by men of a certain temperament.

A Jewish rabbi by the name of Hillel, some years before had uttered aphorisms much like those which Jesus repeated; and Philo, a most earnest young Jew, had spoken words of love and tenderness in similar speech. But there is no reason to believe that Jesus ever knew of Buddha, Hillel or Philo, save as the wisdom of these had passed into the current coin of thought. Strong men of similar type, placed in certain circumstances, will come to similar conclusions. On truth there is no copyright.

¶ With the Hebrew Prophets, Jesus very early became familiar by hearing them read in the synagogue, and in fact it was in reciting from the Prophets that he learned to read. Isaiah was especially interesting to him. The Book of Daniel and the account of the Captivity of the Jews by Nebuchadnezzar impressed him greatly. He read with vivid interest the story of those earnest young Hebrews who trod in safety the fiery furnace, and of Daniel in the lion's den. The wild wailing and the torrent

of pathetic eloquence of Jeremiah shook his boyish frame. The splendid dreams for the future, and the hot invective toward those who blocked the way to the realization of the Jewish Utopia, filled his heart. Jesus read and re-read the visions of Enoch, and the prophecies of a coming Messiah took a firm hold upon his impressionable nature. He read of how political revolutions were to occur, nation would rise against nation, family against family, and at last the Messiah was to unite the faithful and lead them out of their poverty and woes, out from the captivity of their enemies, bringing them into peace, prosperity and plenty.

Jesus knew of Cæsar, but beyond this Roman history was to him a blank. He knew nothing of the peace Augustus had brought about, but supposed the nations of the earth had little occupation beyond fighting each other. He believed political power was for persecution; that governments were simply institutions for undoing the people; that taxation was robbery, and that the rich were lecherous gourmands, devoid of pity and dead to shame, a dangerous, selfish class whose amusement was oppression.

¶ His own people were very lowly, all of his friends and companions were simple people, the

fisher-folk he occasionally visited were poor. Poverty grew to him to be a sort of virtue and wealth a crime. The fierce imprecations of Isaiah toward the false priests, meachers, lawyers and skulking hypocrites found easy lodgment in his heart, and to be rich and a hypocrite were to him synonymous.

Even at the early age of twelve we find he was so self-reliant in his thinking, so fearless of opposition, so indifferent to precedent, that on a trip to Jerusalem with his parents, he forgot the booths and bazaars, the music and processions, and going into the Temple, engaged the learned, gray-haired Doctors in an earnest theological dispute, probably very much to their astonishment, if not amusement.

THE feeling of sublimity was early developed in Jesus, a soaring sense of expansion and power. There are very many who go through life and never know anything of this higher existence, when the heavens appear to open and truth comes to us without the medium of books and teachers.

The love emotions do not have to be taught —they are not imparted—they spring out of our nature when the time is ripe, and we feel

and know. So there is a sense of Divinity that comes to certain men—they feel their kinship with God—the Universal Life flows through them, and they realize they are instruments of Deity. This is what may be termed Natural religion—religion given by Nature—a religion sent from God. It is different from a dogmatic belief that is explained to us by a man who has thought it all out for us, and who had it explained to him by some one else. That quality of the mind which constructs creeds, argues fine points, and logically proves or syllogistically disposes, will spread its own withering aridity and dry up the fountain of the soul. Spirituality is seldom the possession of those who profess it, and culture ever eludes those who stealthily pursue her as a business.

¶ Suppose lovers were required to explain why they love and believe in each other—could they do it?

Natural religion is a matter of the heart; a great welling emotion of love and gratitude—an overwhelming desire to give, benefit and bless all mankind.

Man-made religion is a question of theology—a matter of the head, and has fear as its base, not faith. Theology is a clutch for power;

but love is a desire to give, benefit and bless. ¶ This high sense of kinship with the Divine came to Jesus at adolescence. No doubt the children of the street informed him concerning the peculiarities of his birth, for a little town, of Oriental cast, especially, is only a big family, and everybody knows everybody else's history in minutest detail. Jesus had, while but a child, asked his mother about his birth, and she had satisfied him with the very natural explanation, "You are the son of God."

This calm, serious youth with the big, open, wondering eyes, had not forgotten the remark —he had repeated it to other children on the street and repeated it to himself. Some of the children had laughed, others had gone home and told their parents, and as Jesus grew older he held himself aloof from the rest somewhat moodily. He possessed great pride, and his fine intellect of itself set him apart from the swarms of Syrian youngsters who frolicked and fought in the gutters of Nazareth.

At the synagogue he could read before any of his playmates could—he could read alone, but the other children had to read in concert or not at all. There were no priests in these village synagogues, simply the hazzan or caretaker and

the readers. These readers were volunteers and were not paid anything for their services. By a sort of natural selection, however, the man of intellect and purpose gravitated to the reading desk, and the hazzan, who had charge of the sacred rolls, would unlock the little closet where these precious documents were kept, and hand to the reader the book desired for that particular service.

Very early in life Jesus had acquired the habit of entering the synagogue on the Sabbath day, and reading aloud to the little company from the scrolls, expounding the Scriptures as he read, and commenting on them.

It is somewhat curious that where children are taught to read by repeating the alphabet in concert and reading aloud together, there are some who really never learn to read at all. People with abnormal memories often have very mediocre intellects. The story-tellers and reciters of the East, and those whom one meets at times in the by-ways of Europe, very often cannot read. Blind people have much better verbal memories than those who can see. To read and write carries with it a penalty—in degree you lose your memory.

¶ So in Palestine there were very many who

went to school and learned to read in concert, who, when their school-days were past, never again looked at a book, and soon they were absolutely illiterate, having forgotten all save the few things that they had memorized. Hence, the man who kept up his reading practice was the exception, there being no books in these poor villages, save those that the hazzan so jealously guarded. And we can easily imagine that if a person could not read well, the hazzan, feeling the importance and responsibility of his position, would refuse to entrust him with the scrolls.

Jesus read remarkably well, because he had intellect, backed up by a noble and beautiful spirit. Expression is a matter of mind, and the voice is the index of the soul. The person who understands what he reads and through whom emotion spontaneously plays, has a fine, expressive and vibrant voice. It is tone that tells, not words. Jesus was affected by the tones of the people and often spoke of this, once telling how the sheep knew the voice of the shepherd and came at his call, and how we were moved by the voices of those we loved and in whom we had confidence.

Through this continued habit of reading aloud

and expounding the Scriptures, there grew up in the little villages of Cana, Nazareth and Capernaum an increasing regard for the young man, and they addressed him Rabbi, Teacher or Master.

WHILE Jesus was yet a child, Joseph died, and Mary moved with her little brood to Cana, about seven miles away. She had kinsmen in Cana, and she hoped to better her material condition by the change. Mary, evidently, was a woman of considerable strength of mind and decision. She was the head of the household, and long after Jesus had grown to manhood he was called "the Son of Mary." Noble as he was, Jesus did not overshadow the mother who bore him. Cana was not nearly so pleasantly situated as Nazareth, and was only about half its size. It was at Cana that Jesus manifested first, in a public way, his religious power.

This exaltation of spirit is essentially the mark of genius, and it might also be truthfully stated that when carried to an extreme it is the mark of insanity. All sublime poems, great pictures and marvelous musical compositions have been produced in this mood of uplift and ecstasy.

Doubtless most people have spasms of insight, but to hold the mood and utilize it in oratory or any other form of art is the distinguishing symbol of greatness. Those who are uniformly wise are very commonplace.

Religious fervor or ecstasy is a secondary sex manifestation; what is known as the artistic impulse is a variant of the same mood. Both are highly creative, and by their spell other minds are uplifted and vitalized.

The man sees, knows, does, and very often he cannot give reasons, or explain how or why. This ecstasy of faith, hope, uplift and sublime strength is highly contagious, and sick people —those with nervous disorders—coming under its influence, are often made to stand erect, unsupported, leap with joy—and are well.

¶ Thoughtful physicians know and admit the wonderful effects of mind upon mind, and of mind over matter. Most physical ills proceed from disordered imagination, and in passing, it may be well to state this fact: Imagination is the most intensely real and actual thing of which we know. The pains and sorrows of the imagination are the only real ones, and all the joys and delights of men are matters of spirit. All appetites, with their attractions and

revulsions, are matters of the imagination. ¶ The extent to which one highly imaginative individual of sterling purity of purpose and sublime power may benefit the weary, the weak, the depressed, the sorely stricken and the sick, we do not yet know. But the cures and benefits are not miraculous—they are all under some distinct, invariable Law which as yet we imperfectly understand. It is part of the great Unknown.

The belief that the Spirit of God was acting through him, came to Jesus as an actual, living fact. He read and re-read the story of Daniel, and he noted how this brave young man kept himself free from defilement by refusing to eat the meat and drink the wine that the pagan king had provided. And he resolved that he, too, would keep his body pure. He would not defile the Temple of the Most High by being led into sensuality and a search for bodily pleasure and gratification.

There is a fine tang in doing without things, in living plainly, sleeping hard and scorning the soft and luxurious. The ascetic gets his gratification by having spirit rule the flesh, instead of flesh ruling spirit.

In his moods of fervor Jesus felt that indeed

he was the Son of God. All people who can catch a glimpse into this higher life of the spirit come to this conclusion, that all is One. There is only one Source of life and we are all partakers of it. Yet there are many degrees of life, and we hear of Jesus urging his followers to have "life in abundance." We are all Sons of God, and we come close to our Father as we seek to ascertain and do His bidding. When we truly pray, "Thy will be done," then we are bringing about a heaven now—His Kingdom upon Earth.

This desire to do the will of God became the controlling impulse in the life of Jesus—he would live humbly, truthfully and earnestly, and being in communication with God, he would get his instruction directly from Him and not through the Jewish Law. He thought of God actually as his Father, and as a loving father would lead, instruct and direct his child, so would God lead and direct him.

The Kingdom must be gained, not by making war on the established order, but by accepting it, paying taxes to Cæsar, making the best of outward environment by submitting to it, and then conquering through this sublime ecstasy of the soul that raises one clear above the dross

of earth and the rust and dust of time. "Lay not up for yourselves treasures on earth." The continued habit of pure thinking and simple living brings a reward beyond the value of gold, lands and barns. And this wealth of the soul endures.

He had felt the richness of the loving heart that asks for nothing, wants nothing, envies no man, that never resents, which accepts all —sublimely rich and satisfied in doing the will of God!

"The Kingdom of God is within you," he said.

¶ The Prophets had continually told of a Messiah who would come and lead the Jews out of the rule of the pagans and unite them in a great, happy and prosperous family.

It came to Jesus with a thrill and a throb that he himself might be this Messiah! But the more he thought of an earthly kingdom— a place where the Jews might be gathered together—the more impossible it seemed to bring such a matter about. The first attempt would lead straight to an armed resistance on the part of the established order—the priests, scribes, publicans and all other officers of the government. He therefore easily came to the sensible conclusion that the Kingdom of God

was a matter of the spirit. Again and again he says, "Blessed are the pure in heart."

Jesus reverenced and had faith in his inmost convictions, because he believed these came directly from God. He believed that if he were absolutely honest, simple, direct, and unselfish in his thoughts and acts, speaking as his Father directed, then indeed would he reflect the will of God and bring about the Kingdom of Heaven on Earth.

Thus would he be the long-looked-for Messiah.

¶ In general intent the idea of Jesus was expressed by Confucius, five hundred years before, when he said: "Be free from desire, lust, greed and wrath; be tranquil, unaffected by pain or pleasure, praise or censure, honor or dishonor; be moderate; treat friend and foe alike; utter only such speech as shall cause no sorrow; be true, agreeable, beneficent and you shall govern the world."

Contemporaneous with Confucius there lived Gautama who expressed practically the same truths in the "Eight-fold Path of Peace." The plea was for cleanliness, kindness, sobriety, purity and cheerfulness, and the belief was that these things would lead to a happier reincarnation and at last to blessed Nirvana.

WHEN Jesus came to believe that the firm character of Daniel came from his purity of purpose and his absolute reliance on God; that freedom to every man arrives when he deserves it; and that the Kingdom of God was not in the far-off future, but here and now, if we would but cease striving and become as little children, and enter in, a great load was lifted from his heart.

It was n't a matter of strife and struggle—no, it was just letting go, living lightly, easily, naturally in faith and love, confidence and hope.

¶ A great light had come to him—he would overcome through affection and not through resistance ✍ "Resist not evil"—he would conquer by yielding—violence begets violence, force begets force, and love begets love. In his soul he felt a great and abiding peace, and this peace was tokened in his gentleness, his sweetly modulated voice, and the light that illumined his soul shone out eloquently through his calm and lustrous eyes.

He wanted nothing and to want nothing is to possess all. If we want nothing and have nothing that others can take away from us,

we are unafraid. Perfect love casteth out fear.

¶ At this time Jesus had no disciples, and had founded no sect nor school. He moved in and out among the people freely—he talked little, but his silence was eloquent. The loungers, awed, moved out of his way as he passed, but the children, recognizing in him one in whom there was neither fear nor reason for fear, clung to his hands and robe and came and seated themselves on his knees while he sat.

¶ This sweetness, gentleness and strength, especially appealed to women. Women are instinctively on their guard against the selfish, gluttonous man. But the self-contained man who makes no demands upon them; who in degree is indifferent to them; who can do without them; who is without passion, having mastered passion, and therefore is not passion's slave, such a one always attracts women before he attracts men. All good women seek the man they can trust—one in whom they can believe.

And so through the winning gentleness of Jesus, his poise, his unselfishness, his high intellect, there grew up about him a little company who followed him, finding peace in his presence. If he read and spoke in the

synagogue in the morning they would all be present; and if it were known that he was to speak in some neighboring village later in the day, a goodly group of women and children, and men as well, would follow him.

Once we hear of his riding a mule that was supplied by some well-to-do admirer, and the children in playful mood ran ahead and strewed palms in the way, and doubtless the young man smiled upon them kindly. And surely the smile from such a one was reward enough.

¶ Jesus had absolutely no sympathy with a paid, professional priesthood. He thought the intermediary quite needless and unnecessary —and worse, it was the sure undoing of the intermediary, for such a one at once began to take honors to himself, and to inwardly say, "I am holier than thou."

At Jerusalem he had seen the Pharisees, a sect of the Jews, many of them wealthy and powerful people, pray on public street corners. This had offended his sense of fitness, and so also had the badges, "phylacteries" and the peculiar dress they wore to show their rank. And so he sought to explain to the people that God was spirit, and not a Governor or Ruler, and we must worship Him in spirit and

in truth. That is, the outward worship was not worship at all—this falsehood and this pretended piety was offensive to God. "When thou prayest," he said to them, "be not like the hypocrites who love to pray standing in the synagogues and on corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father, who seeth in secret."

He did not regard himself alone as the Son of God, but he spoke repeatedly of "thy Father," or "your Father," thus showing his belief in a Universal Fatherhood. In fact, the exclusive Son-of-God idea was not evolved until the faith had been carried to Rome, where great men gone were deified, and the descendants of gods and virgins ruled as Emperors.

Physically Jesus was of medium height, slight in form, with light complexion, blue eyes and tawny hair. His power lay in the fact that his body and mind were under almost perfect control. Usually he talked but little. He was a sympathetic listener—he seemed to give himself to his hearers. This habit of self-control —asking for nothing, giving all—is essentially the symbol of great mental ability. The essence

of power lies in reserve. The man who asks for nothing and wants nothing, has everything. We need Messiahs now just as much as they did two thousand years ago—and more. Let a man arise who believes in his own divinity; who is filled with the spirit of love; who has the yearning heart and unselfish soul, and men will everywhere flock to his standard. Jesus saw the truth without blinking; he wanted nothing, and he had a complete indifference toward social preferment; priestly precedents were to him as naught. He expressed what he believed, not simply what it was expedient to state.

Men with a social position to maintain, with political superiors to appease, and a mob of retainers to satisfy are untruthful of necessity. Simplicity and directness of speech and manner are quite out of their province.

At first thought it seems strange that an obscure man by being frank, direct, simple, honest and unpretentious could set himself apart from mankind, but one who has this ability is practically without rivals—he has no competitors.

IT must not be thought that Jesus spent all of his time preaching and in going from place to place. His whole life was quiet and free from undue excitement, excepting those few weeks at the last. He was never more than seventy-five miles from home, and was known, comparatively, to but a few. Most of the time he worked at his trade, often finding diversion in dressing the vines, or helping gather the clusters of grapes in the vineyards that dotted the hillsides, thus assisting his neighbors in their tasks. At other times he would tend the flocks, and at night-time assist in housing the sheep in the stone enclosures so they would be safe against prowling wolves.

Preaching, therefore, was quite incidental to him, although he talked with any or all who showed a desire to know the truth. His life was without worldly ambition. His desire was to serve, and no useful task was alien to him. This life of humility, simplicity and useful effort, of truth and gentleness, he regarded as the Godlike life. "Whosoever will save his life shall lose it; and whosoever will lose his life for my sake shall find it," he said. The man was not wholly indifferent to happiness, but he

knew a better way to secure it than to deprive others of it or to clutch, strive and struggle for it. Man's true wants are few and Nature is bountiful; if we love God and seek to do the will of God, we should show it in our attitude toward our neighbors, and all good things will be added unto us.

This is a very beautiful religion and if followed out by a majority, would surely redeem the world; and after all our philosophizing, we turn at last for rest to this gentle religion of Jesus, so simple, yet so noble and true—the religion of love and service. Here, only, do we find rest for our souls.

SO passed the years in peace and plenty. Jesus was twenty-eight years of age, in the very prime of his early manhood, when the quiet of his life was broken in upon by the actions of a young man named John, whose fame had gone throughout all Palestine.

John was the son of Zacharias, a Jewish priest, and was about the same age as Jesus. Their mothers were cousins, and were acquainted before their births, so it is quite likely that the young men, too, knew each other as they

grew up. John was born at Hebron, a little town about fifty miles from Nazareth, on the border of the desert. His ideas as to asceticism went clear beyond those of Jesus—he would wander forth into the desert and live alone for days, drinking out of the clefts of the rocks and keeping himself from actual starvation by eating locusts and wild honey. He dressed in skins like a savage, discarding every comfort, and when he came out of his hiding place and approached a town, he would call aloud to the people to repent and "flee from the wrath to come." He seemed to be a reincarnation of the Prophet Elijah, dressing like him, acting like him, and talking like him. His prophecies were especially severe on the rich and the politicians, and he seemed to think that the end of the world was about to come, and that, indeed, the Children of Israel were soon to be redeemed from the yoke of oppression and to be brought together to live in peace and unity, free from all bondage.

He himself was not to bring about this great revolution—he was only preparing the way for another who was to come soon, the latchet of whose shoes he was not worthy to unloose.

¶ Such evangelists with an excess of zeal are

not uncommon; even in our day we have seen a man claiming to be the Third incarnation of Elijah. This modern prophet is not exactly an ascetic, but like Elijah the First, he has foretold much evil, and like John, warned men to flee from some mysterious wrath. John was essentially of the Yogi type, and his power and earnestness sent a thrill of terror through the people wherever he went. The Jewish mind was quite prepared for such men as John, having seen others of his kind, and being already filled with the Messianic thought.

¶ Jesus had a peace and poise that John did not possess. However, Jesus was powerfully impressed by him. John called upon the people to repent and to band themselves together, and the symbol of this repentance was baptism by immersion—a public renunciation and a performance that all could see.

John had journeyed to within a few miles from where Jesus was then staying, and Jesus hearing of the excitement and sympathizing with it to a degree, went with several of his comrades to the river Jordan where John was baptizing.

John did not have a scintilla of that beautiful and gentle religion of Jesus—he was bold,

denunciatory, iconcolastic, threatening. But the people he denounced were the very same people whom Jesus inveighed against—the Scribes, Pharisees and the professional priests and politicians. So it will be seen there was a natural bond of sympathy between John and Jesus, and the difference in their methods and manners was largely a matter of temperament.

¶ John, like all evangelists, called upon the hearers to "come forward," and in common with many others present, Jesus accepted the invitation, went forward, and was baptized. Jesus did not think of rivaling John, nor did he assert his superiority—he simply showed that he was in sympathy with the zealot.

Yet he did not mix with the disciples of John on an absolute equality; he and his comrades kept aloof and soon went their own way. But John had profoundly impressed Jesus, and we hear of Jesus imitating him, starting in soon on his own account to baptize his converts. Jesus saw that the plan of baptizing was a good one—it was doing something positive, and could not help giving the candidate a thrill he would long remember. Such a form of initiation has its psychic use with people of moderate intellects—a simple spiritual change

of thought and life is not enough—they want to do something positive and pronounced. And we can easily see how immersion would impress the convert in a way that the modern, attenuated manner of baptism by sprinkling would not.

The nature of Jesus was essentially feminine—he was sympathetic, impressionable and easily moved towards imitation. Indeed, this is the artistic type of character, and most of us know the feeling of reading a great book and wanting to write one just like it. When preparing a speech, Webster used to read the orations of Cicero to key his mind to the proper pitch, and such a self-reliant man as Robert Browning had a habit of beginning the day by reading Shakespeare, that he might get somewhat into the swing and stride of the master.

Jesus now began to preach and baptize after the manner of John. One was on the eastern bank of the Jordan, the other on the western. John had gotten along undisturbed while he remained in Judea, as Pilate, the easy-going Roman Procurator, was not inclined to dictate to his people; instead he allowed them the fullest liberty of expression, as he believed

that all excesses tended to cure themselves. But John had now invaded the province ruled by Antipas Herod, a degenerate son of Herod the Great. Antipas was a whimsical and weak man, with an ambitious, robustious, violent and turbulent helpmeet. This woman also had a royal pedigree, and as far as we know she never for a moment forgot it. She had a strong bias for interference—and also a grown-up daughter, Salome by name, born of a former marriage. Salome was the child of her mother. Many reports had come to Antipas, and his interesting family, of John the Baptist, whose fame was constantly growing ✍ Men were leaving their work, getting ready for the great change that was soon to end the world, with the coming of the Messiah. This of course meant an end to Antipas. Excitement was in the air! Rumor was rife and great uneasiness was apparent.

Personally the Governor was not disturbed as to his own fate, but this religious excitement was taking on a political complexion. We have seen religious movements in America that gave spasms of fear, perhaps not without reason, to statesmen, so-called, in Washington. Very seldom, indeed, do religious bodies keep clear

of politics—they vote solidly. John inveighed against the existing government—against all governments—and he even went so far as to seriously criticise the domestic relations of his Governor or tetrarch.

Herodias had been the wife of Philip, brother of the tetrarch. John condemned this second marriage as indecent, wicked and contrary to the laws of God, thereby bringing upon his head the vindictive hatred of a revengeful woman who possessed the power to punish—a proceeding more dangerous than the mere infraction of statutory law. John was as bitter, sarcastic and severe towards Antipas and his consort as Hamlet was towards his mother and her husband, King Claudius.

This was really too much—John was arrested, manacled and marched away to prison, and his followers dispersed.

Jesus took warning and retired into the desert.

¶ Herodias and Salome had their way: John the Baptist's biting tongue must be silenced. There was only one way to do this, for even in prison he talked and preached, exhorted, calling upon men to repent, and sent messages of encouragement to Jesus and others. There is a legend that Salome made love to John,

but he repulsed her. ¶ John was beheaded. And so at last was his tongue silenced—his lips dumb.

Shortly after this Jesus returned to Galilee, a subdued and sorrowful man.

REPRESSION is invariably the first ingredient in the recipe for revolution.

Jesus did not long remain silent. His new experiment had tended to broaden his mind, deepen his nature and intensify his thought. The execution of John was a terrible thing—done by government—his hatred for officialism was increased! In all of this tragedy Jesus seemed to foresee the sombre symbol of his own undoing. But he was not dismayed. He would live his life—he would speak the truth as he saw it—he would express his inmost self!

When he began once more to preach, it was with a confidence and power of expression that was before unknown to him. He talked now to "the multitude," which probably means several hundred people at a time, and in his oratory there was plainly apparent a dash of lofty scorn.

Like all men who are led largely by their

feelings, his words were strangely inconsistent. He spoke in parable. He argued submission to the established order, yet rebuked those in authority. He explained that his kingdom was not of this world, but prophesied peace, now and here, to the souls of such as would follow him. He talked of glad tidings, and yet said that the righteous would be persecuted.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," but whether comforted here or hereafter, he is not always sure.

The Old Testament contains no hint of future rewards and punishments—the grave ends all. If man is immortal the Hebrew Prophets did not know it ❧ Jesus believed in a life after death, and urges his followers to lay up treasures for themselves in heaven—that is, in another world, where moth and rust do not corrupt, nor where thieves break through and steal ❧ ❧

Jesus now boldly proclaimed himself the Son of God, and said, "I and my Father are One."

¶ Several of the followers of John had now come to him, and these by their presence and faith, if not in actual words, had inspired him to take up the work of John the Baptist. John had foretold the quick coming of the Messiah,

and Jesus was now confident that he himself was the "Son of Man," prophesied by Daniel, who was to come and found a Kingdom and who would judge the world and lead it out of bondage. And by "bondage," Jesus meant the bondage to custom, habit and sin—not bondage to Rome. Yet for Rome he had not a shadow of respect.

Jesus had now practically ceased to be a Jew —he had gone far beyond that. He called all men to repentance, not the Jews alone, and deliberately placed his own commands above those of the Hebrew Law. He had a way of saying, "They have said unto you in olden time, but I say unto you," * * * * * thus revealing his implicit belief in himself and his own divine mission.

He now lived at Capernaum, an important village located on the shores of Lake Tiberias. Here he had close personal friends and few carping critics. He had gotten quite out of conceit with the gossiping little hamlet of Nazareth—he had tried to arouse that place, but there he could do no "mighty work on account of the unbelief of the people."

Grave old men had shaken their heads and stroked their beards as they asked, "Is not

this Jesus, the Son of Mary? Why, we knew him when he was a youngster, playing in these alleys and going with the shepherds to bring in the lambs to the fold!" These old men belonged to the great order of "We knew him when!"

And Jesus repeated an old saying, "A prophet is not without honor, save in his own country." At Capernaum he did not find this prejudice that is the result of familiarity. He made his home there with a prosperous and excellent man called Zebedee, and all deference and honor were paid him. Zebedee had two sons, James and John, who especially believed in Jesus and his divine mission and longed to help him bring about this "New Jerusalem" of which they heard. The mother of these young men also had much faith in Jesus and his mission, as we are told she once secretly requested Jesus to reserve first places in heaven for her two sons—one on his right and one on his left hand—a beautiful and motherly request. This John, the son of Zebedee, was only a youth, but he was impressionable and full of the spirit—gentle and clairvoyant by nature. Jesus became much attached to him, although neither then knew what an important part this

John, "the beloved disciple," would play in placing the Gospel before the people of the world ❧ ❧

Then there were two other brothers, sons of one Jonas, by name Simon Peter and Andrew. Peter was married and in his family lived his wife's mother, who once was taken very sick, and they sent for Jesus that she might be cured of her illness.

These fishermen continued their regular work while Jesus was with them, but we hear of Jesus one day telling them that they would better quit and go with him on an evangelizing tour, and "I will make you fishers of men."

¶ For Peter, especially, Jesus had the greatest admiration. Peter was ten years or more older than Jesus and of a very strong, sturdy type. His name meant "the rock," and Jesus was fond of playing upon the fitness of it. Peter did not have a great amount of intellect or insight; he was impulsive—usually doing his thinking after he had spoken. He was of the motive temperament and a natural leader of the hardy, rough men of his class. Yet even though he had small delicacy of spirit, he had faith, which often answers the purpose of this world better. Jesus lived at the home of Peter

part of the time, and used to borrow his boat and preach from it to the people who gathered along the shore.

Capernaum, Bethsaida and Magdala were only a little way apart, and at all of these places Jesus had many friends. At Magdala was a woman named Mary who was known as the Magdalene, for the same reason that Jesus was called the Nazarene. This woman was to play an important part in his history. Evidently the Magdalene was a woman of much spirit, but of a neurotic temperament. She had suffered long from some nervous disorder, which the simple villagers said came from her "being possessed with devils"—her reputation being of a kind that doubtless made it easy for her neighbors to believe in this devil theory. Jesus was not afraid of having his reputation smirched—he was a friend to the Magdalene.

¶ By his wonderful presence Jesus sent the "devils" out of her nature, and she became calm, poised and sane as she listened to the words that fell from his gentle lips.

This territory where Jesus preached, we must remember, was very limited in extent—the entire distance he traversed being only about fifteen or twenty miles and back. Jesus simply

traversed through these simple little villages, where the people supplied their few wants by fishing, growing grapes and tending the flocks. The world of economics, education, science, politics and industry was absolutely unknown to them. There were no post-offices, banks, stores, or enterprises for public transportation; they knew nothing of geography, astronomy, botany, and little of history; the problems of labor and capital were unguessed. They planted little gardens, plucked the ripe fruits, ate the melons, trod out the grapes for wine, drew their nets, looked after the flocks, and wore their simple home-made garments. They did not travel.

They knew nothing of the size of the world, its evolution, nor of the people who inhabited it beyond a two-days' journey from their homes. They were children who ate when they were hungry, slept when they were sleepy and worked a little when they felt like it. They were contented and happy.

The whole of Galilee is now a desert waste. For centuries men did not plant trees nor care for them. No effort was made to rotate the crops nor to fertilize the soil. They burned the wood and sought not to replace it, so

Nature naturally grew discouraged and ceased to send her rain; the dews no longer formed, and where once were smiling gardens, trees, vines and flowers there is now, for the most part, only a parched, barren soil and a desolate outlook of broken rocks.

In the time of Jesus one could live for quite a while along the shores of Lake Tiberias, practically without labor, and this is what Jesus and his disciples did. "Take no thought for the morrow," Jesus said. "Behold the fowls of the air, are they not fed? And for clothing, look at the lilies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these!"

This, we would now say, is poor economics, but the disciples did not argue the point. Jesus was enough of a pantheist to believe men are brothers to the lilies and to the birds, and that the Power that cared for these would care for us if we only had faith:

No man can serve two masters: for either he will hate the one and love the other; or else he will hold to the one and despise the other. Ye cannot serve God and mammon.

Therefore I say unto you, take no thought for your life,

what ye shall eat, or what ye shall drink; nor yet for your body, what ye shall put on. Is not the life more than meat, and the body than raiment?

Behold the fowls of the air: for they sow not, neither do they reap, nor gather into barns; yet your heavenly Father feedeth them. Are ye not much better than they? Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit unto his stature?

And why take ye thought for raiment? Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow: they toil not, neither do they spin: and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall He not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?

Therefore take no thought, saying, What shall we eat? What shall we drink? or, Wherewithal shall we be clothed? (for after all these things do the Gentiles seek:) for your heavenly Father knoweth that ye have need of all these things. But seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness, and all these things shall be added unto you.

Take therefore no thought for the morrow: for the morrow shall take thought for the things of itself. Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.

Jesus would seat himself on the hillside and thus talk to those gathered near. They were all quite satisfied—was not this enough? Why should they not thus be happy always? The kingdom of heaven was at hand. Everything

they needed was theirs, and like the Prophet of Concord, they owned the landscape. They helped themselves to corn on the Sabbath day as they passed through the fields—all days were good! The only thing that we should hunger and thirst after is righteousness, and if we really do hunger for it we shall be filled. The way to inherit the earth was not to sweat, work and toil for it, but simply be meek. If we desire mercy, we must be merciful; and if we are pure in heart we shall have the great happiness to see God. Then, after all, if we are persecuted, why, so much the better, for as reward for enduring the persecution we will be partakers in the kingdom of heaven.

In playful mood he referred to the disciples as the sheep of his pasture. It was a very happy period—this out-of-door life, with the grand comradeship of faithful friends—mountain, plain, valley, trees, birds, fowls and flowers as symbols for spiritual things. Men alone could not enjoy this life, but there were women, and this mingling of the male and female minds in joyous abandon produced a fine intoxication; and the lofty and delicate asceticism of Jesus lifted the whole atmosphere out of the sensual into the sensuous.

If Jesus was not able to actually procure and produce grand mansions, jewels and all soft luxuries of the rich, he could at least inspire his disciples with a disdain and an indifference for such things. It seems a lapse in logic to offer as a reward in heaven the very things his disciples affected to despise on earth, but such inconsistencies always go with simple minds, that make a virtue of necessity ✂ Ill-gotten wealth is surely not to be desired, but rags are no recommendation, and poverty is of itself no passport to paradise, even though a rich man's wealth might keep him out. Lazarus, so far as we know, had nothing to recommend him beyond the fact that he was a beggar; and so far as we know, there was nothing against Dives but the fact that he was rich. ¶ Then we hear of some peculiar political economy in reference to a certain steward who canceled the obligations of the debtors of his employer, without the employer's consent. Also there are prayers asking that we may be forgiven our debts without payment. Such a philosophy could be attractive only to very poor and very childish people. Civilization demands that men shall face their obligations, and surely we do not want to be forgiven our

debts—we pray rather that we may have the ability to pay them, and this prayer, moreover, is expressed by work and action much more than in words.

The admonition, too, as to bestowing alms and selling all one has and giving the money to the poor, we recognize now as unscientific sociology. To sell goods simply to get the money to give away, is not the method of an economist—goods may be worth more than money. To follow the advice would pauperize the rich and not benefit the poor. Every good thing in life must be earned. And if the wealth of the world were turned over to the poor, they themselves would have to give it away, or else be barred out of paradise. And then if wealth is a bad thing on earth, why is it a good thing in heaven? Why should man toil and sweat, dig and delve, deny himself bodily comfort and pleasure that he may inherit a "mansion in the skies," and enjoy for an endless eternity the luxurious idleness that is condemned on earth as selfish and wrong?

¶ These things are noted here not by way of criticism concerning a philosophy that glorifies poverty and execrates wealth, but simply to call attention to the fact that such preaching

would appeal only to very poor and lowly people, those of the child-mind. Jesus was certainly not as ignorant as the average man in his audience, but an audience of ignorant people never will get an address that ranks uniformly high ✍ In talking at jails and to people in prison, I have always found myself congratulating the prisoners on their condition and making pleasant references to the rogues who have not been caught. Oratory is always a collaboration between the speaker and the hearer, and in large degree the pew keys the discourse of the pulpit. Jesus was certainly possessed of a very pure and lofty philosophy—the philosophy of love and service—but when he advocates quitting work, ceasing thrift, and the indulgence in sharp practice and violence towards the rich; when he places a premium upon poverty, and favors mendicancy as a legitimate business, we see in it all simply a reflection of the extreme crudity of the times.

AT the annual Feast of the Passover at Jerusalem there was a great gathering of the Jews from all over Palestine. Jesus had made several pilgrimages—how many we do not know, but now in his thirty-first year, we find

him with his little band of Galilean supporters, setting out for the Holy City. They could arrive there in three days, walking leisurely.

¶ Just what caused Jesus to go at this time we do not know, since he surely had very little sympathy with the cold Jewish formulas that served as an excuse for bringing the throng together. Possibly he wanted to convince the Galileans that he was still a Jew in spirit; or perhaps he thought it was time to strike a blow right at the heart of the cold sectarian practices that only made clean the outside of the platter, but which left the inmost hearts of many full of extortion and excess.

It is quite likely that the followers wanted excitement; they had grown tired of the ideal life that only dreams and rhapsodises—they were Orientals, and the sweaty smell of the mob, the bells, music, the gongs and songs and cries of the market-place were attractive to them. In Jerusalem they could hire a room for a small sum and all huddle into it at night, and in the morning they would get food at the tents which supplied the wayfarer, and then all the day, like true rustics that they were, they could wander, open-mouthed, and enjoy the sights of this Celestial Midway.

Camp-meetings are attractive places and have their social and psychic use.

The Temple itself interested Jesus more than all else. It was a great stretching white stone building, with porches and large pillars that ran clear around it. It was really the capitol, for the easy-going Romans allowed the Jews to carry on their own ecclesiastic government, up to certain limits, undisturbed. This Temple was court-room, assembly and business place combined. In the porches animals and fowls were sold for sacrifice, and for food as well. The money-changers were in evidence, and everywhere the whole place bore the bustle and boom of business.

The Temple had been built by Herod the Great at much expense so as to please and placate the Jews over whom he ruled. The fact that it was built by the Romans after their own particular style of architecture was doubtless one cause of the prejudice that Jesus felt towards it.

Besides the commercial air of the Temple, it was a place of contention, argument and dispute. The learned men here met and made plain the difference 'twixt tweedle-dee and tweedle-dum. Education at Jerusalem was

nothing but the empty science of scholastics. The study of the Law was pushed to the point of absurdity, and the topic of how chickens should be killed so as to make the most acceptable sacrifice to God, was wrangled out with citations, precedents, and references at great length ✍ Fanaticism, hate, bitterness, pedantry grew like jimson weeds out of a soil where swine have been fattened. And like all purely theological learning, the one who could follow abstrusities and absurdities farthest, took to their vain and empty hearts much credit for their fatuous and futile performances. The very things that drove love, gentleness, truth and pity from their hearts were the things upon which they most plumed and prided themselves. In these learned theological wrangles the humanities had small place.

Jesus plainly says that to make a profession of a beautiful sentiment is to degrade it into the mire. Love as a business gives us moral degradation; and the worship of our Creator as a profession produces pride, pretence and pompous hypocrisy. Well has it been said, by Edward Everett Hale, that you will find God everywhere and anywhere but in a theological seminary.

The controlling desire of Jesus was to do the will of his Heavenly Father, to worship Him in spirit and in truth, and here was only a perversion of all that he held most dear—simplicity, gentleness, unselfishness, kindness, love and truth; these were unknown.

And no doubt he was further stung by the indifferent treatment that he himself had received. He was a man and a man of pride; he had grown used to a certain amount of deference—when he spoke in Galilee others had listened, but here he was swallowed up in a bellowing crowd.

His companions were laughed at, and all of them, dust-stained, rude and rustic, supplied diversion for the onlookers. The inhabitants of Galilee were regarded as a mixed race by the Jews of Jerusalem—they spoke a peculiar dialect that often caused much amusement, and we hear of how once the brogue of Peter made his birthplace plainly evident, to his great discomfort, danger and annoyance.

Only Jews were allowed to go into the Temple: warning placards forbade, and the doorkeepers were free with their challenges. It is quite likely that these disdainful priests had openly affronted the Galileans.

Jesus had seen all this scramble and disorder that called itself religion before, but now he had grown in purpose and spirit. In a moment of revulsion, he took a scourge of cords, and making a dash at the keepers of the booths and the money-changers, who were calling and crying their business, he forced them from their places in the porch, calling to them in wrath, "Ye have made this place a den of thieves!"

This was certainly contrary to the general attitude of Jesus, who had been preaching the religion of humility and non-resistance, but he was a man of stubborn courage and the old Adam for the moment got the better of him, and he drove them out in terror. It is probable that in an hour all were back, crying their wares, quite forgetful of the disturbance made by the fanatical and mysterious stranger.

¶ Whether it was on this trip Jesus met Mark and Luke who lived at Jerusalem, and Judas, who came from the south of Jerusalem, and welcomed them into the little company, we do not know—the chronology is much mixed, and just when a particular event occurred we are not able to say. Uncorroborated history is always received with doubt, for the writer may

have been mistaken or prejudiced. The moral teachings and self-evident truths of the four Gospels are all that can be relied upon, for in the period immediately following the time of Jesus there were hundreds of Gospels and creeds, each purporting to be the only true and authentic version. At the Nicene Council, in the year 325, the assembled bishops, after much argument, decided by ballot just which books were the inspired words of God, and settled on those Gospels which were written in Greek, the language of the fashionable circles of Jerusalem, while the immediate followers of Jesus were uneducated Hebrews.

EVIDENTLY at this time Jesus had not made the acquaintance of that interesting little family at Bethany, three miles beyond the walls, where he afterwards made his home.

All he had seen in Jerusalem saddened and depressed him—the coldness of the priests, the indifference of the people, the clutch for place and power on one side, and dense stupidity on the other, filled his heart with sadness. The Jews had even refused to give him a hearing at Jerusalem, so busy were they with their own sordid plots and plans.

He declared to his disciples that such a state could not endure—God would soon destroy it all, and not one stone would be left upon another of this gorgeous Temple that was quite as much pagan as Judean.

And the little company started back home, to Galilee, disappointed, silent and subdued, for fairs are always disappointing, since they tire us out.

THE division of Palestine known as Samaria lay between Judea and Galilee. The Samaritans were regarded as heathen by most of the orthodox Jews, and they were accordingly shunned and despised by their narrow-minded Hebrew neighbors.

When Jesus and his followers reached Samaria, and had passed beyond the dust and heat and the caravans of the Judean desert, good cheer gradually returned to them. Once more were they among friends. In a majority of these scattered villages Jesus had acquaintances. To these he returned, and having memory of the exclusive and insulting placards in the Temple at Jerusalem that forbade any but Jews to enter, he now proclaimed that he had not come to save the Jews alone, but the whole world.

"I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance."

He broke down all lines of caste utterly, and purposely and openly visited with the outcasts of society. This love for the common people had become the distinguishing feature of his preaching; he welcomed the sick, the weak, the depraved, those "possessed of devils." In that day there was no public plan of caring for mental defectives or the insane—they roamed abroad at will, and often turned away from houses, they lived in the cemeteries—that is, in the neglected caves in the hillsides which had served for graves.

Jesus had no fear of these poor creatures, nor did he try to shield himself from the presence of lepers or those with any other contagious disease. By a smile, a look, a word, a blessing with his hands upon the head of the sufferer, his strong spirit of love caused a new hope to spring alive in the heart of the stricken person, and very often the patient was made whole, "leaping for joy."

There is no doubt but that many of these miraculous cures were genuine, yet doubtless with the passing years and the stories told and re-told and written out long after the death

of Jesus, many errors and exaggerations have crept in, the result of excessive zeal.

In one town of Samaria, Jesus went to a well where there was a woman drinking water. When he asked her for a drink she was much surprised, for the Jews usually shunned the Samaritans. He told her how he had been to Jerusalem to worship, and she, pointing to the hills, said, "Our fathers worshipped in this mountain." And he answered, "Woman, believe me, the hour cometh when you will neither in this mountain nor yet at Jerusalem worship the Father, but the true worshipper will worship the Father in spirit and in truth." Then again we have a vivid glimpse of his psychic power when he guessed the woman's whole history, much to her amazement.

This insight into the hearts of things—seeing the motive behind the act, and knowing the conditions and environment of each soul, gave Jesus a sense of justice such as the world has very seldom witnessed.

Knowing humanity well, and realizing its many temptations and weaknesses made him forgiving. "To know all is to forgive all." To really know people is to love them. So with the wrong-doer Jesus was ever lenient. All his

biting sarcasm was for those in high places, the rich, the educated, who deliberately entered into a life of selfish aggrandizement.

The courtesy and kindness that Jesus had been shown in Samaria he repaid by various complimentary references to the Samaritans —he glorified these people the Jews despised. His parable of the Good Samaritan is the finest piece of literature in the New Testament, and the only parable that rings absolutely true. It contains only one hundred and eighty words, and not one could be spared; neither do I see where one could with profit be added:

A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. ¶ And by chance there came down a certain priest that way: and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. ¶ But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him, Take care of him: and whatsoever thou spendeth more, when I come again, I will repay thee. ¶ Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbor unto him that fell among the thieves?

ARRIVING back at Nazareth, Jesus now found that his presence scarcely made a ripple on the surface of the lazy town ✍ It was also thus at Capernaum and Bethsaida—naught but indifference.

Jesus did not seem to consider that in its very nature excitement is transient: to receive one big reception in a place is quite enough for a lifetime—a great success can very seldom be repeated. The dumbness, dullness and inane stupidity of the people seriously offended the Master. He cried aloud at the unimportant little cross-road hamlets, "Woe unto thee, Chorazin! woe unto thee, Bethsaida! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes * * * * * And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell!"

This coldness and indifference that he had met with, for a time soured his disposition and made him forget his native poise and serenity. ¶ The chief charm in the teachings of Jesus lies in their paradoxical and enigmatic quality. Without this, it is certain that his words

could not have endured. The expressions of Jesus, which are found to be untrue literally, are never discarded, for they are believed by many to be true poetically and spiritually. New interpretations and new meanings can constantly be found for doubtful passages. Indeed, a most prosperous and powerful sect has been built up in America within twenty years, founded upon an entirely new view of the work and words of Jesus.

The use of metaphor, paradox and parable is an attempt to make clear an uncertain thought to one's self, and we indulge in it only when we do not exactly know what we desire to express. Metaphysics is valuable only to the man whose feelings outmatch his intellect. When he is cornered, such a one can always retreat in a fog of words. A metaphysician is an ink-fish. Such expressions as "the Kingdom of God," "the Son of Man," "the Child of God," "the Gospel of Truth," "the Son of God," "the World of Spirit," "redemption," "fallen man," "salvation," "damnation," all require an explanation, and are valuable only as we read meanings into them, and scarcely any two men will define them alike.

¶ The chief advantage of metaphysics is that it

makes people think—they have to cudgel their imaginations in order to comprehend what it all means. And it means, for them, what they think it means—all they can evolve out of it or read into it.

FROM the day that Jesus left Jerusalem until he returned there for the last time, was about a year and six months.

During this time he seemed to have been wandering about the country—preaching, talking, discoursing and healing the sick.

The tone of his discourses grew more severe, and life to him took on a sombre tinge. The lightness and buoyancy of his spirit in degree had departed; the future seemed full of grim forebodings.

He had broken loose from all home ties. The advice which he so freely gave to others, he had himself followed ✍ "The man who has left house, or parents, or brethren, or wife, or children, for the sake of the Kingdom of God, shall receive an hundred fold more now, and in the world to come life eternal."

He told his disciples to carry neither scrip nor purse, nor change of clothing, but when they

wanted anything, to enter into the nearest house, gently and firmly saying, "Peace be unto thee!" and there remain as long as they wished, "for the laborer is worthy of his hire."

¶ This seems to be a reversal of his former teaching, for when a man preaches and asks for food and shelter because he preaches, and declares "the laborer is worthy of his hire," he at that moment establishes a priesthood that demands recompense and also immunity from labor. The old, old idea of priestcraft has come back by a new route! All things move in circles.

It is very plain that Jesus could not have been a deep and accurate thinker. He knew nothing of mathematics, and the law of cause and effect was outside of his realm. For commerce and trade he had only contempt. Architecture and art he despised. He was a carpenter, but we never hear of his taking any pride in the product of his hands. "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

He cared more for rest than work, and seemed to know nothing of the difference between joyous work and joyless labor. He did not know that commerce is the carrying of things

from where they are plentiful to where they are needed. He did n't know that business is founded upon man's faith in man, and is the real civilizer: missionaries only doing good as they prepare the way for trade. With such thinkers as that other great Jew, Spinoza, Jesus does not for an instant compare in point of intellect. Neither was his mind capable of the daring reach made by such thinkers as Leonardo, Newton, Herbert Spencer, John Stuart Mill and Ernst Hæckel.

Where he greatly surpasses the men just named is in his sublime faith in both himself and his divine mission. He believed that he was in absolute communion with the living God, the Creator of the World. And this great welling heart of love that went out to all humanity, seeking to bring all men into a relation of brotherhood, was at once his supreme virtue, and his fault. For such faith as his there is no fulfillment. To do away with all property—and property is only stored-up labor—and to break all earthly ties, we do not now regard as sound philosophy.

But Jesus was laboring under the illusion that all great reformers labor under: he expected the great change to come quickly. "Lo! the

time is at hand and now is!" ¶ Nearly two thousand years have passed, and mankind is not yet ready to accept the doctrine of peace on earth, good will to men.

The nations that, somewhat ironically, are called "Christian," have the largest armies, the most complicated and powerful machines for destruction, and a stubborn and dogmatic priesthood, almost as useless as that against which Jesus preached, and which, in truth, put him to death.

Those men of the French Revolution who expected that when they did away with this, why, then that would rule, were mistaken. Mankind is part of Nature, and Nature works by very slow evolution; her silent changes are scarcely perceptible to us in our little lives. ¶ "Leave all and follow me," nothing is of value.

"The end is at hand," said Jesus. But it was not. "Before you have gone over the cities of Israel the Son of Man shall appear." He did not seem to realize that the building up of a Perfect Society would necessitate a Perfect People, and that these require ages to evolve. A Perfect Society, to be sure, will be a matter of soul and right intent, all founded on the

blessed idea of brotherhood, but beyond this it will be the result of deliberate, mathematical calculation. It will demand intellects that consider sanitation, architecture, agriculture, civil engineering, transportation and education quite as valuable as faith in a Supreme Being who does not count the hairs of your head, nor note the sparrow's fall, since three-fourths of all sparrows die in the nest or fall to the earth and perish before they can fly.

The men who will bring about the Kingdom of God on earth will believe that sewerage is as necessary as prayer; and they will likewise realize that the useful work of Martha was just as much the "better part" as that of Mary, who merely sat and listened to the beautiful words of a beautiful teacher.

We believe in the woman who sweeps a room to the glory of God.

More than this, when the Ideal arrives, it will come through useful effort, and not through contemplation. Starving India, lost in thought, falls an easy prey to barbaric "Christianity," active, alert and inventive. Work and love will be the solvents—not faith, prayer and preaching.

THERE has only been one Christian, and he was a Jew," said Heine, but this was irony. Christ could not be called a Christian ✍ The Christianity that we know is a composite institution, formed by the grafting of Judaism upon Paganism, and this hybrid faith by a series of strange coincidences took the name of the obscure but noble ascetic of Galilee.

Paul was the real founder of Christianity—not Jesus. Paul never saw Jesus and it was many years after the death of the Savior before Paul heard of him ✍ Paul was an educated Jew—and was a bit boastful of the fact. He was versed in all the intricacies of Jewish Law, and by habit was an expert in all the quip and quibble which occupied the so-called learned men of his time. He became convinced that Jesus was the actual Messiah foretold by the Jewish Prophets, and he set out to prove the fact by use of exegesis and forensics.

The quality of his intellect is shown in the remark, "If Christ did not rise from the dead, then is our religion vain." All the gentleness, beauty and nobility of Jesus were as nothing to St. Paul, unless he was the Messiah foretold

by Daniel, Ezekiel and Micah. St. Paul was a sciolist, and it was sciolism that the spirit of the hive then wanted. And curiously enough, this cleaving to the letter, and all this wrangle and contention about abstruse nothings, was exactly the thing that Jesus had inveighed against. So, essentially, Christianity, with its hair-splitting differences, was what Jesus most despised.

The newspapers nowadays having the largest circulations are not necessarily the best, they are simply those that most ably reflect the intelligence—or the lack of it—of the people. Great things are only done by the minority. ¶ The zeal of St. Paul and his apostles gave the people what they wanted, and Christianity grew so popular that in three hundred years, the Roman Emperor thought well to make peace with it by adopting it ✍ The fiat of Constantine turned every Pagan temple into a Christian church, and every Pagan priest into a Christian preacher. The old Roman fable of Orpheus and Eurydice, typifying the approach of spring, was changed to Easter, and the feast of Ceres became the Eucharist. Names change quickly, but humanity evolves so slowly that we almost say it is forever the same.

So Paulian Judaism and Pagan Rome joined hands, and we have "Christianity," with its ten thousand variations and modifications, tempered and twisted by custom and desire, and the peculiarities of race prejudice. At the last, men do what they want to do, or at least what they can, and they name it what they choose.

If the question were asked, "Is the religion of Jesus feasible in practical life?" the answer would have to be "We do not know—it has never been tried." The nearest approach to it to-day, perhaps, is manifest in the life of Tolstoy, and since Tolstoy is a very rich man, his methods are arbitrary, artificial and wholly valueless. He plays at life. It is a laboratory experiment as compared to actual manufacture for the market. The two best exponents of Tolstoyism in this country are a successful Chicago lawyer and a man who lives the simple life in a costly mansion in New York, with many servants at his beck and call, and who controls an estate of three thousand acres on the Hudson. The richest monopolist in the world is an orthodox Baptist.

We refer to London, New York and Chicago as Christian cities—at least all these cities send

millions of dollars and numerous missionaries abroad to convert "the heathen," but we can well imagine that the lowly Nazarene could not at this time, by any stretch of his vivid imagination, see his spirit reflected in these places, any more than he saw his heart's desire made manifest in Jerusalem of old.

ALMOST eighteen months had gone by since Jesus and his disciples were at Jerusalem. Their life of leisure began to pall, and the ecstasy of their religious faith was on the wane. The simple fishermen Jesus had taken from their work, were needed at home. Soon their little gardens and vineyards would be overrun with weeds and brambles. The disciples were growing restless—a holiday that is continued indefinitely ceases to be a holiday.

They were going back to their homes, the promised Kingdom of God, to them, was not in sight.

Jesus, much disturbed by their complaints, sternly answered thus: "No man who has put his hand to the plough and looks back, is fit for the Kingdom of God!"

At another time he met a man and said in his brief, direct way, "Follow thou me!" To this

the man replied, "Master, suffer me first to go and bury my father."

And Jesus answered, "Let the dead bury their dead, but do you go and proclaim the Kingdom of God."

Evidently he himself was growing impatient, for where before he was proclaiming the joy of owning nothing, and urging everybody to dispose of their homes and everything in them, and give the proceeds to the poor, he now exclaims wearily, "The foxes have holes and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

There were monks before the time of Jesus, but his thoughts of celibacy and poverty, and of keeping one's self unspotted from the world—regarding the world and the world's work as unholy and unclean—gave a powerful impulse to monasticism.

Marriage was regarded by Jesus as purely an expediency and soon to be done away with. In heaven we would be sexless, and there would be neither marriage nor giving in marriage. ¶ It will thus be seen that to him the only true Christian was a monk.

Our ideal of bravely living in the world and helping to carry the world's burdens, had no

lodgment in the mind of Jesus. To him family ties and the life of business and useful activity would not win heaven.

"Master, what must I do to inherit Eternal Life?" a young man asked.

And Jesus answered, "Go sell all thy goods and give to the poor, and follow me!"

Jesus knew that there was trouble ahead—he could hear the mutterings of the thunder. "You may think I am come to bring peace upon earth: I came not to bring peace, but a sword." "I am come to set a man against his father, the daughter against her mother and the daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law."

¶ "They shall put you out of the synagogues: yea, the time cometh, that whosoever killeth you will think that he doeth God service."

"If the world hate you, ye know it hated me before it hated you."

He felt it was impossible to prove by reason all he taught, and therefore he demanded faith, and urged all his followers to "believe."

Indeed, it is highly probable that he did not have any clear idea himself about his mission. One day it was a heavenly kingdom, the next the perfect fulfillment was to take place here and now. Yet at all times he was clear on the

purity of life, and the thought of living close to God.

He experienced great anguish and was much disturbed by the indifference of the people and the opposition he met with. His enemies said he was insane—"possessed with devils." ¶ Even the disciples became capricious, and quarreled among themselves about who should have precedence now and hereafter ✍ Their impatience communicated itself to the Master. We become like those with whom we are associated. Contact with querulousness begets querulousness. Such a nerve-tension cannot last forever—we must get relaxation in some way; through death at the most we can gain rest! ✍ ✍

Jesus remembered the fate of John the Baptist and possibly he was aware that now his tone had become very much like that of John. If he continued to preach, he knew that death would be the result. He had little to live for —he had broken with his family—he had no wife, no property and no worldly ambitions. Jerusalem seemed to be a very den of iniquity. He would go there and do all in his power to reclaim it from its faults and wickedness. ¶ It is quite probable that his journey was

hastened by reports which came to him that Antipas Herod was on his trail, believing that he was the successor of John. Jesus had been preaching within five miles of Tiberias, where Antipas and Herodias reigned, and there was danger of his being captured, taken across the border and beheaded.

He did not value his life highly, but he was not yet ready to fling it away—he would first sound a warning voice to the iniquitous and corrupt Jerusalem, a voice that was to thunder down the centuries, cause thrones to totter, and affect the destinies of millions yet unborn. He started southward, accompanied by various disciples and faithful women, who ministered to him.

He was bidding good-bye forever to his home, kinsmen and beautiful Galilee.

IMAGINE a Yorkshire man standing in front of Saint Paul's Cathedral in London, preaching the overthrow of the Episcopal Clergy, and we have a spectacle no more peculiar than that of Jesus standing in the porch of the Temple at Jerusalem, declaring of it, "I tell you, there shall not be one stone left upon another!"

The rich Pharisees who prayed on the street

corners, who affected a peculiar apparel, and carried a holier-than-thou attitude, absolutely disgusted Jesus. He ridiculed them all with stinging contempt. The Roman publicans who collected taxes—and therefore to Jesus were really thieves—were far preferable to these Jewish hypocrites.

He saw a poor widow approach the Temple and drop into the box a farthing, and turning to his disciples he said, "She has cast in more than they all, for the rest gave out of their abundance, but she gave all she had."

The proud, richly robed priests pushed in past him, jostling him out of the way, and his eyes followed them with pitying scorn. He was so much of a theologian that he could not keep away from the Temple, any more than can a Protestant clergyman at Rome keep away from Saint Peter's.

Jesus was very unhappy here at Jerusalem. He was separated from all the world of valleys and mountains and flowers and birds that he loved so well. His days were passed in bitter arguments. If he preached in the streets, he was interrupted, and his discourse would end in wordy warfare and often in sophistication.

¶ Evidently he came to be regarded as more

or less of a nuisance by the self-important priests, but he was scarcely known at all to the people at large. Not a contemporary writer mentions him, excepting that single allusion by Josephus, and this is now believed to be an interpolation.

There were mad mutterings by the officials against his sharp criticisms. Nicodemus, who was a lawyer of some note, and admired him so much on his former visit that he came to him secretly by night for an interview, once defended him in an offhand way, and one of the priests asked, suggestively, "What! are you, too, a Galilean?"

And another one passed the pleasantry along by asking, "Can any good thing come out of Nazareth?" At which, we can well imagine, all laughed. This zealous Nazarene, to them, was a proposition not to be taken seriously.

Jesus disliked the city proper so much that he usually spent the night at one of the little villages outside of the walls. At Bethany he was on the most friendly terms with Mary and her sister Martha, and their brother Lazarus, a plain, honest carpenter.

Mary, especially, though a woman of the town —a sinner—appealed to him, and he prized

her friendship ✂ Jesus had no standing in respectable society, and we hear of his going to the houses of lepers and being entertained by them. It was at the house of one Simon, a leper, where Mary entered, and in a moment of adoration, bathed his feet with her tears and wiped them with the hairs of her head. There is no love like the love of a proscribed person. ¶ When Simon reproved her, Jesus at once came to her defence.

Once a mob had collected and were going to kill a woman. They asked Jesus what they should do with her, and he answered, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone!" ¶ We can imagine how the mob slunk away before this glorious presence.

He lifted the terrified woman to her feet and tenderly asked, "Has any one condemned thee?" And the accusers all having fled, she looked around and then slowly replied, "No, Master."

And he said, "Then neither do I condemn thee—go and sin no more."

Very little headway was made in his preaching, however—only the poor, the outcasts and the despised came to him. Jerusalem went its riotous way as of old—just as it does to-day.

So we hear of Jesus going up on the Mount of Olives above the Temple, and in sorrow and disappointment crying, "O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets and stonest them that are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not!"

THE exhibition of religious rancor that at times forms a fierce hate, seems to be an essential part of the fabric of most religions. It is like the sexual impulse in those animals which are docile except in the rutting season. Intensity of any emotion may produce an irritability that unships reason's rudder and makes life uncertain and unsafe.

We are all familiar with people who love their enemies, yet hold the balance true by hating their friends. If you are in sore distress, and the hot breath of the pack is close upon your heels, do not count on receiving succor and assistance from the ones who profess a religion of love, gentleness and magnanimity.

In argument the Jews have ever been bitter and acrimonious when dealing with questions which they consider as sacred. Even among

themselves they have revealed little patience in dispute. Jesus seemed to be a genuine Jew in his mental attitude toward what he thought wrong ✍ Several of the Greek and Roman philosophers understood perfectly that truth is a point of view, and is to be found at the end of a circle. Belief is largely a matter of temperament, so Epictetus, for instance, was lenient with opponents. Socrates once said, "No man is so thoroughly right as to be entitled to say that others are totally wrong. It is well to affirm your own truth, but it is not well to condemn those who think differently."

¶ This judicial quality was lacking in the Nazarene—he was a thorough revolutionary in his intensity. With simple folks, the ignorant, the sick, weak or helpless he was gentle, but when it came to those in authority, he was most severe. He forgave the erring woman, but he would not forgive these priests and lawyers.

¶ "Woe unto you, ye lawyers! for ye lade men with burdens grievous to be borne, and ye yourselves touch not the burdens with one of your fingers.

"Woe unto you! for ye build the sepulchers of the prophets whom your fathers killed.

"Therefore also said the wisdom of God, I will

send them prophets and apostles and some of them they shall slay and persecute; that the blood of the prophets which was shed from the foundation of the world may be required of this generation, from the blood of Abel unto the blood of Zacharias, which perished between the altar and the temple: verily I say unto you, it shall be required of this generation.

"Woe unto you, lawyers! for ye have taken away the key of knowledge: ye entered not in yourselves, and them that were entering in ye have hindered."

THE tide of events was fast hastening Jesus to his doom—that is to say, to deathless fame. Had he been left to himself, he would have beaten his wings against the bars of condition until discouraged, and then slipped back to the sheltering obscurity of Galilee. By his life he could not reform the world, and this he surely saw—but through his death he might accomplish much.

Jerusalem was too densely dull and dead in a spiritual way to pay serious attention or take note of his warnings—in Jerusalem he had performed no wonders. And indeed it seems he remained there but a little while altogether.

¶ From the last time he left Galilee until his death was only about six months, and much of this period was occupied in excursions to the villages round about. In these little places Jesus and his disciples felt more at home. Once they went as far away as Jericho, and there made at least one convert, Zacchæus, a little man who filled a big office, and he turned over to them one-half of his goods for the poor.

This circumstance encouraged them so much that when they again went back to Jerusalem they prepared a demonstration. Jesus rode a she-ass, followed by her colt, and the disciples ran before and strewed palms in the way, and called aloud, "Hosanna! hosanna! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord!" They proclaimed the rider as "King of the Jews."

Doubtless this created some stir, and we can imagine that the little procession was looked at by many people in the amused way that we regard the drums and cries of the Salvation Army. In truth, Jesus and his disciples formed the first Salvation Army, and it is the avowed claim of the leaders that the modern "army" is patterned after the original one at Jerusalem.

¶ In many cities the Salvation Army has been voted a nuisance, and in certain instances the police have placed the leaders under arrest. Only a few years ago in England, such people, who did not work under the auspices of the established church, paid the penalty for public preaching by an ignominious death.

The high priests of Jerusalem did not regard the brilliant and daring young preacher and his noisy disciples amusing at all—they were a menace. Jesus desired to disrupt Judaism, and if possible he would place himself at the head of the new order! Was he not, even now being hailed as "King of the Jews?"

¶ Fear and hate spring from the same soil—this man must be suppressed for the safety of society. It is a curious fact that most religious leaders regard themselves and their institutions as the corner-stone of civilization.

In February of what is now our year 33, the chief priests met in council, and the question was discussed as to what should be done with this Galilean disturber. And we hear of one of the speakers stubbornly putting forth the suggestive thought: "It is expedient that one man should die for the entire people." That is to say, for the good of society, Jesus should

be put to death. ¶ The high priest at this time was Caiaphas, appointed by the Roman Procurator, Valerius Gratus. This office seems to have been merely nominal, for the actual high priest of the Jews in Jerusalem was Annas, sometimes called Hanan. Annas held no office, yet was regarded as the ruler, and evidently named the legal high priest, for Caiaphas was his son-in-law, and five of his sons filled the office in turn.

Annas was a successful politician.

It was a son of this Annas who caused James, "the Lord's brother," to be executed by being stoned, which was the death probably at first provided for Jesus. Society has always reserved for itself the right to destroy those who threaten its existence. This is as much so now as then. Annas was logical and right from the standpoint of civilized Christianity. Jesus was an anarchist—he was placing his own individuality above the law. He quoted the law, and then added a law of his own, saying, "But I say unto you * * * *" The Mosaic Law provides a penalty of death for any who seek to overthrow it. Law, like capital, is timid. Of course the political priests quaked and trembled.

Annas ordered that the warrant of arrest be issued. Hearing of the danger, Jesus went to a town called Ephraim, a day's journey from the city of Jerusalem ✍ The Feast of the Passover was about to occur, so the enemy quietly waited, knowing he would soon return, as was his custom.

Jesus and his little band of followers had often been threatened before, and they thought the trouble would shortly subside and that they might go along as usual.

After a few days at Ephraim, they returned to Jerusalem to attend the Feast of the Passover. The disciples were full of zeal—they thought "the kingdom" was at hand ✍ They were like John Brown at Harper's Ferry, imagining that to simply strike the match would be enough to start the conflagration. But for himself Jesus was troubled and in sore doubt.

¶ It was decided to enter the city in a bold manner, and this they did, the disciples going ahead and crying aloud, "Hosanna to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord."

"Master, rebuke thy disciples," advised a well-meaning and kindly-disposed Pharisee. But Jesus refused to interfere in any way with

their exuberance. ¶ The officers of the chief priests could then very easily have arrested Jesus, but to do so at this public time might create undue excitement. The city was full of visitors who had come to attend the feast, not to witness an execution.

Four days passed and Jesus came regularly to the Temple and preached on the steps and in the porches. The chief priests held another council at the house of Caiaphas. Some of them hesitated about taking the step, but now it was decided to arrest the man at once, and do it surely, quietly and quickly, so as not to create a public scene. There was really great danger that an open arrest and a public trial might be used by Jesus to bring about a revolutionary climax—his eloquent tongue and noble presence must not be given too much chance to show their power! It was therefore decided to seize the man the next night, and to this end detectives of the priests bribed Judas, one of the disciples, who had some personal grievance against Jesus, to guide the arresting party to the place where Jesus was to be found. It seems that Jesus was not so well known to the police but that he had to be pointed out. And this Judas agreed to do

for a trivial amount, "thirty pieces of silver," or about five dollars.

Only a few days before at the house of Simon the leper, Mary had taken costly spikenard and anointed Jesus, and Judas asked, "Why was not this ointment sold for three hundred pence and given to the poor?" Jesus reproved him, saying, "The poor ye always have with you; but me ye have not always," and the rebuke had rankled in the heart of the disciple.

¶ When we quarrel with a man we lose all faith in his mission. Judas had entirely lost faith and thought the whole thing was going into dissolution very soon. "The Kingdom of God" was to him a failure and he had better get out of it all he could, and at the same time save himself from danger. So he turned "state's evidence," an action that has made his name the most easily remembered of all the twelve, and handed it down to posterity as the synonym of all that is detestable and treacherous.

The person who deserts at the time of danger is a common type, easily understood. And that any man could have twelve disciples for three years, and none doubt, deny, or betray him to his enemies, would be a miracle indeed.

IT was night. Jesus had supped with his disciples for the last time. They had passed beyond the walls of the city, and gone noiselessly through the valley and over the brook of Cedron. Within a little park called the Garden of Gethsemane, close to the home of the father of Mark the disciple, at the foot of the Mount of Olives, they rested with the intention of passing the night there.

The weary disciples had disposed themselves under the trees and were asleep.

The heart of Jesus was heavy—he was sore oppressed and God's gift of sleep was never again to be his.

He went a little way apart to pray. The deep presentiment of coming peril was upon him—his psychic spirit intuitively realized that at that moment an armed force was marching toward him with hostile intent.

In a moment of seeming weakness, he cried aloud, in agonizing tones, "Father, if it be thy will, let this cup pass from me!"

And even as he spoke there was the flare of torches seen through the trees and the steady tramp of soldiers could be plainly heard.

¶ Judas advanced at the head of the troop

and cried out in a voice that ill-concealed his agitation, "Hail, Rabbi!"

Jesus moved forward to meet him and asked, "Whom seek ye?"

"We seek Jesus, the Nazarene!"

"I am he," was the firm reply.

Judas stepped forward and kissed him on the cheek, which was the signal of identification agreed upon with the soldiers.

Malchus, a servant of the high priest, and Annas, probably the son of Annas the actual ruler, proceeded to bind the hands of Jesus behind him. Peter, who was suddenly aroused from sleep, seeing the Master in the hands of the soldiers rushed in, and with a sword struck at Malchus.

Jesus reproved Peter and before the surprised soldiers could capture the belligerent disciple, he slipped away into the darkness and was gone.

¶ Mark, wrapped in a mantle stood by. The soldiers tried to seize him, but he struggled, freed himself and fled, sacrificing his robe.

¶ The disciples now had all forsaken the Man of Sorrows—he was alone with his enemies, a prisoner.

The march was taken up for the house of Annas. It was a little after midnight when

they reached there, and evidently they were expected, for Annas at once held court and questioned the prisoner.

Peter and John followed afar off, but now entered with the rabble. The night had grown cold and Peter approached a brazier of coals in the hallway to warm his quaking form.

Evidently he was indiscreet enough to talk, for a maid standing near asked, "Are you not one of them?—thy speech betrayeth thee!"

¶ And Peter denied that he had anything to do with Jesus, declaring with an oath, "I know not the man!"

Annas, having satisfied himself that they had gotten the right man, and not having the legal power to condemn him, sent him away to his son-in-law, Caiaphas, the high priest.

Here he was also expected and two witnesses were ready to swear that they heard him say, "I am able to destroy the Temple of God and to build it in three days."

To speak disrespectfully of the Temple was, according to the Jewish Law, the same thing as to blaspheme Jehovah.

At this place Jesus was given the privilege of examining witnesses and also of contradicting them by his own testimony, but he was silent.

His lofty courage had now come to him in full measure. He knew that nothing he could say or do would save him, and in fact he had resolved to let the proceedings take their own course. "As a sheep dumb before its shearer, so opened he not his mouth."

By his silence he admitted his guilt.

There was only one thing to do. The Law provided that any one who tried to disrupt the Jewish religion should die. With one voice the company who made up the Sanhedrin, or court, declared him guilty of blasphemy and fixed the penalty as death.

But before the sentence could be carried out it must be ratified by the Roman Government. Now Pontius Pilate, the Procurator, was not a part of the conspiracy, and there was no other way to approach him excepting in the regular order of business. They could go to his office early in the morning and then demand that he should hear the case. If they could make it appear that he had plotted against the State, pretending to be "The King of the Jews," and therefore in actual insurrection against the Roman Government which did not recognize any king save the Emperor Tiberius, why, then Pilate would endorse their indictment and

the rest of the proceedings would be easy. ¶ It lacked several hours of daylight and Jesus was left in charge of the soldiers, to be taken to the Judgment Hall of Pilate early in the morning.

The priests and all the other members of the court had now gone and were sleeping in their comfortable beds.

As extra reward for their night service, strong drink had been given out among the soldiers, and when the priests went away, all dignity and decency vanished.

Jesus was bound hand and foot with cords that cut deep into his sensitive flesh ✍ There is always a temptation among brutal men to take advantage of a prisoner. One soldier struck the cheek of the Master with his open hand. Others did likewise and still others spat in his face. They platted a crown of twigs and set it on his head. They hailed him in mock respect as "Rabbi, Rabbi!" and called him "King of the Jews," falling down upon their knees and worshiping him in derisive insult.

Through this drunken riot Jesus spake no word, enduring all in the majestic silence that had been his throughout the farcical trial.

The night gradually passed, the stars slunk

away, the heavens grew bright in the east. The soldiers were tired out with their revelry and were sitting or lying around in drunken stupor, careless of their prisoner, having fully satiated their cruelty.

The prisoner's face burned with fever, his lips were parched, his eyes beamed with a strange, unnatural brightness. He knew that this day would be his last on earth; never again would he and his disciples gather together in joyous comradeship and live the life of love and faith; the dream of universal brotherhood for him was past, but by no outward sign did he reveal the inward thoughts and emotions that surged through his brain.

A new guard appeared and the others were dismissed. They unbound the feet of Jesus so he could walk. His arms were still pinioned behind him. The order to march was given and the guard started down the stony street, the prisoner in their midst.

AS the squad of soldiers, dragging the prisoner, marched along through the streets, a curious crowd collected and followed after to the great stone structure that always reminded the Jews of their subserviency to the Romans.

¶ It was early in the morning, but Pilate was at his post. He was apprised of what was the trouble—a Jewish renegade from Galilee had come down to Jerusalem, claiming to be the "King of the Jews." He had been arrested, and was now at the door—would the Governor consent to listen to the charges against the man who had set himself against the Roman Government and defied the Emperor?

Pilate smiled in derision, but according to the demands of the gathering crowd, came out and mounted the Gabbatha or Pavement that faced the temple courts ✍ These Jews were continually quarreling and bringing their racial quibbles to him for adjustment.

Twenty years later Gallio, a brother of Seneca, was annoyed in the same way: the Jews had captured a little man, Paul by name, and had brought him to the Proconsul for judgment, and Gallio said, "If it were a matter of wrong or injustice, O ye Jews, reason would that I should bear with you. But if it be a question of words or names, and of your law, look ye to it, for I will be no judge of such matters." And then the historian adds, "And he drave them from the judgment seat."

Pilate was sorely tempted to drive the mob

away. Here were Jews who had captured a Jew, and now wanted a Roman to punish him. Pilate knew full well that the Jews were not so zealous and jealous in their loyalty to Rome as to punish a Jew who was not in sympathy with the Roman occupancy. When he himself before had tried to apprehend Jews who had been guilty of treason, he found such were always protected, shielded and aided to escape by their countrymen.

Pilate scorned the clamor against Jesus, and taking the prisoner, retired into the Judgment Hall and shut the door.

Here he questioned Jesus—no witnesses were present, and we know nothing concerning the specific conversation that passed between the two. In any event, Pilate was quite favorably disposed toward the man, and when he came out he said to the leaders, "I find no fault in him."

At this there was at once a mighty clamor of accusation, instigated by the priests who were scattered among the mob. We know a little about how the mob spirit grows and how stupidly blind its immature judgments always are. "He calls himself King of the Jews!" "He refuses to pay tribute to Cæsar."

"Crucify him—crucify him!" ¶ Pilate asked, "Art thou indeed King of the Jews?"

Jesus ignored the question, but calmly said without a tremor of fear, "My kingdom is not of this world."

Pilate was not a weak man—he was a genuine Roman, and in conflict with ignorance and stupidity had shown before this, and revealed later, that he had a will of his own—he could strike and strike hard when in his opinion the occasion justified it. The record of his reign is told at length by Josephus, and Josephus, being a Jew, would not be likely to gloss the truth concerning a man whom he considered as the tool of a usurping government.

Pontius Pilate was not a philosopher—for nice distinctions in ethics he had no head, and for religious differences he had a most profound contempt. To him Jesus was only a Jew who had offended the Jews, and while he would save the man if he could, yet he was in Judea to preserve peace, and rather than risk a riot or seriously offend the people, he would let them have their way. Pilate's capitol was at Cæsarea, and he only came down to Jerusalem during the feasts. He never had with him a force sufficient to quell an insurrection, even

had he desired to do so ❧ The policy of all colonial governors is now, and was with the Romans, to allow the people to execute their own laws, excepting where vital issues are at stake, and the sovereignty in danger.

Pilate was a diplomat. He had been a soldier before the influence of Sejanus had elevated him to the governorship of Judea, and life to a Roman soldier was cheap. Yet the dignity and poise of Jesus appealed to him. Finding that Jesus was from Galilee, Pilate put forth the excuse of lack of jurisdiction and said the man should be sent to the Galilean Governor for trial.

Antipas Herod, tetrarch of Galilee, happened to be in Jerusalem at this time and Jesus was sent to him, followed by the priests ❧ Herod was "glad to see him," and asked him to "perform some wonders," but he agreed with the priests that the offenses were committed in Jerusalem, and so here was where the man should answer. In this they were right, and Pilate was forced to retreat from his position. ¶ Antipas Herod hated Pilate, and he would not free him from his disagreeable dilemma. Herod's share of his father's dominions had been only the provinces of Galilee and Peræa,

and here was a brawny Roman soldier without a drop of royal blood in his veins, given, by the influence of a court favorite of Tiberius, authority over three provinces of Palestine and holding revels in the great white Prætorium built by Herod the Great! This explains the hatred.

But another expedient suggested itself to the Procurator. It was the custom at the Feast of the Passover for the authorities to pardon one Jewish prisoner, and now if they would let this man go free Pilate would be glad. He suggested that they release Jesus, but their stony hearts were dead to pity and they cried aloud for Barabbas, a robber and an assassin, then in prison.

Pilate, following precedent, was compelled to release the man for whom the people called, so Barabbas was given his liberty and a lasting place in history.

The mob grew and the priests and Pharisees were bawling out in loud tones the supposed transgressions of Jesus. It is a curious fact that whenever a man is accused of one thing, there are always plenty of people who assume that he must therefore be guilty of various other crimes and misdemeanors. The cry of "Crucify

him, crucify him," again rang out, and it was taken up and echoed back and forth by those who never heard of the man before. A mob demands blood—it is demonism unmasked—only death will satisfy it!

One more chance was left to Pilate. It was a most desperate and brutal thing to do, but the experiment might work. If Jesus were publicly whipped then and there, the sight of his quivering flesh and the blood streaming down his bare back, might appease these cruel priests, so they would deem his punishment severe enough and let him then go free.

Pilate gave the order that the prisoner should be scourged. The Roman soldiers, impassive as machines, tore the clothing from the man, and a brawny lanista stepped forward with a whip made of leather; the thong sang through the air and fell upon the white flesh of the helpless, crouching victim. The scourging was continued till Pilate ordered it stopped for fear of killing the sufferer.

But the bellowing mob still cried, "Crucify him! Crucify him!"

Pilate had only scorn and scathing derision for the priests. "Jews, behold your king!" he called out in ironical tones. And the answer

was, "We have no king but Cæsar—crucify him, crucify him!" Then they added, "We have a law and by our law he ought to die, because he made himself the Son of God!"

¶ Before this the Jews had lodged complaints against Pilate at Rome, and now if he let this man go free, who was accused of plotting to overthrow the State, there would be further charges, Pilate must protect himself. "Take ye him and crucify him—I find no fault in him!"

Crucifixion was exclusively a Roman form of execution, reserved only for thieves, brigands and those guilty of unnameable crimes. The Romans used the sword for political offenses, or the victim was allowed to kill himself. But crucifixion was something else. It was similar to the custom now in vogue in some Christian countries of hanging a man by the neck with a rope until he is dead. Soldiers we shoot, but those whom we seek to disgrace, we hang. The Jewish Law provides that one who seeks to destroy Judaism shall be stoned—it does not anywhere provide for crucifixion.

The plotting priests, in their wily wisdom, demanded that Jesus should be crucified, for this form of execution would throw the onus

on the Romans. The Jews blamed the Romans for killing Jesus, and the Romans blamed the Jews. Both were right—and wrong—it was mob-law that did the deed, sanctioned by a Governor who could not prevent it, or at least thought he could not. The instigation was the work of the chief priests, lawyers and the sects known as the Pharisees and Sadducees. All these Jesus had grievously offended and they had their revenge.

In passing, it is well enough to note that mobs are led, almost without exception, by citizens of prominence and worth. A man who has no influence in a community cannot get even a mob following ✍ The man who hypnotizes a mob, practices hypnotism more or less as a business. He is a leader of men.

The exact point where mob-rule begins and government ends, is hazy and indistinct. The jury is often profoundly moved by the shouts of the crowd, and the judge who has not one ear close to the ground is a rare exception. Most legal executions are now, and ever have been, to appease the mob. When the people cry, "Crucify him, crucify him!" the courts have to obey. "Law is the crystallization of public opinion," said Lord Brougham.

Courts hold their sessions on suffrance of the mob that elects them. The difference between a legal murder and a judicial execution has not, so far, been clearly defined.

We are told that a lie always requires other lies to bolster it. This maxim is equally true of all departure from truth, reason and right. One misdeed sows the seed of another. The number of murders, judicial and otherwise, that have grown out of this murder we are here considering, would stagger mathematics to express ✍ The Crusades, the Inquisition, countless wars and fanatical sacrifices trace to that Judean mob.

PILATE'S decision was no sooner made known than a loud howl of satisfaction went up from the mob. The priests and Pharisees had everything ready; for as in legal procedures the process is always well lubricated, so do the mob leaders always know beforehand just what they are going to do. It looks like chance, but it is not.

Pilate had gone. A detachment of soldiers was standing near by with two thieves whom they were about to execute—probably they were detained so as to take a third victim! A

cross was at hand—simply one rough plank nailed upon another in the form of a letter T.

¶ This cross was balanced on the back of the Nazarene—each of the thieves carried a cross —and the command was given to march.

It was now near noon—the sun was burning hot. They had not gone far before Jesus fell, fainting under the burden ☙ Sleeplessness, suffering, fasting, all combined to have their way, and tired Nature flagged.

The man was roughly lifted to his feet and once more the march began—the Nazarene stumbled forward, reeled and fell.

Every Roman soldier had a superstitious dread of carrying the cross—it was the instrument of death, and part of the victim's punishment was that he had to bear this symbol of his shame, disgrace and degradation.

In England, not so many years ago, the man to be hanged had to carry his coffin, but this led to so many accidents that later the culprit rode in a flat-topped cart, seated on the box that was so soon to hold his body.

As Jesus could not carry the cross and the soldiers would not, they seized a countryman, Simon the Cyrenian, by name, whom they met on the way, and compelled him to bear

the disgraceful burden. Simon used often to tell of this terrible experience afterward—he fully thought he himself was to be executed.

¶ Much of the disgraceful insult of the night before was now repeated. Jesus was brutally struck, spit upon, scoffed and scorned. During it all he bore himself proudly, silently, and without resentment or complaint.

A march of a mile over a rocky road, much of it uphill and the crowd reached Golgotha, "the place of the skull." The crosses were laid upon the ground. The victims were offered, as was the custom, a strong narcotic that would stupefy them, lessen the pain and also make them easier to manage, rendering resistance difficult.

Jesus touched his lips to the bitter drink and put it away—he would endure the worst that his enemies could inflict.

Each victim was stripped of all his clothing and stretched out upon the cross. Nails were driven through the hands and feet. A strong cord passing under the arms of each victim and over the top helped to carry the weight, so the nails would not tear through the flesh.

¶ Shallow holes were dug. The three crosses were uplifted and rocks piled around the bases

to keep them in place. Jesus was in the middle and a thief on either side.

Pilate had written on a board these words, "This is the King of the Jews," and sent it, by the soldiers, to be placed over the head of Jesus.

There was something most ironical in this inscription. Pilate hated these fanatical Jews and hated them more for this frightful deed they had forced upon him. He would have the last word—they had killed their King!

The chief priests complained of this inscription —they declared it should have read, "This man called himself the King of the Jews." But Pilate said, "What I have written, I have written." He would not erase or change the wording in any way: let them have the honors—and the disgrace.

All of the disciples but John had disappeared. He remained in the distance with Mary, the mother of Jesus, and a band of faithful women. As the excitement of the mob died away and the onlookers grew accustomed to the terrible sight before them, John and the women came cautiously forward.

One account says that Jesus recognized them, and seeing that John and his mother were

near together, as they approached, he said to the disciple, "Behold thy mother," and then to his mother, "Woman, behold thy son!" This seems hardly possible—Jesus would not imperil his friends by recognizing them. The agony for all of these was the greater because they could not express it.

These friends were helpless. The soldiers were seated at the foot of their victims, waiting for them to die. They had divided the clothing of the crucified men among them and were now casting lots for it, as the clothing of the victims was a part of the executioners' perquisites.

¶ The crowd around was hostile—there was no sympathy for the sufferers—the mob had seen such sights before and had grown to relish them. The knowing ones pointed Jesus out and gave parts of his supposed history. "He called himself the Son of God! He came to save others, himself he cannot save!"

"He said he could destroy the Temple and build it up in three days."

"Let us see whether Elijah will come to save him!"

A storm came up—the clouds grew dark and dense.

The strained position produced a terrible pain,

yet this torture Jesus might have endured, but his spirit was wrung by the insult, stupidity and ingratitude of those he saw before him. ¶ Had he lived in vain?

An awful agony wrenched his soul. He cried aloud, "My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me!"

Consumed by a burning thirst, he begged for drink. A soldier, with more pity in his heart than we expect to see, saturated a sponge with vinegar and water, the drink the soldiers carried for themselves, and putting it on a reed, reached it up to the lips that had voiced so many words of tenderness and love—that had said, "He who giveth even so much as a cup of cold water in my name, him will I not cast out."

A person with dull and sluggish temperament might exist on the cross for two or three days. But Jesus with his exquisite capacity for pain, and his delicate and sensitive nature, could not long endure such agony.

For three hours he had hung there. He now felt the sleep of death creeping into his veins his head drooped forward. Below he saw the soldiers; all around surged the waiting mob, watching his death struggles ☙ He aroused

himself and prayed, "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do!"

Another unconscious struggle—Nature trying to gain her freedom!

Again he spoke—"Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit!"

That proud head fell forward ✠ The form relaxed, swayed, and hung limp and still upon the cross.

A soldier with a spear pierced his side but there was no response of life.

Death, in pity, had set the captive free.

So here endeth **The Man of Sorrows**, being a Little Journey to the Home of JESUS OF NAZARETH, by *Elbert Hubbard*. A sincere attempt to depict the teachings, life and times, and with truth limn the personality of the Man of Sorrows. Done into a book by The Roycrofters at East Aurora, N. Y., 1906 years from the birth of the Man of Sorrows.

H 157 82

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: July 2005

PreservationTechnologies
A WORLD LEADER IN PAPER PRESERVATION
111 Thomson Park Drive
Cranberry Township, PA 16066
(724) 779-2111

THE LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
0 010 458 832 3